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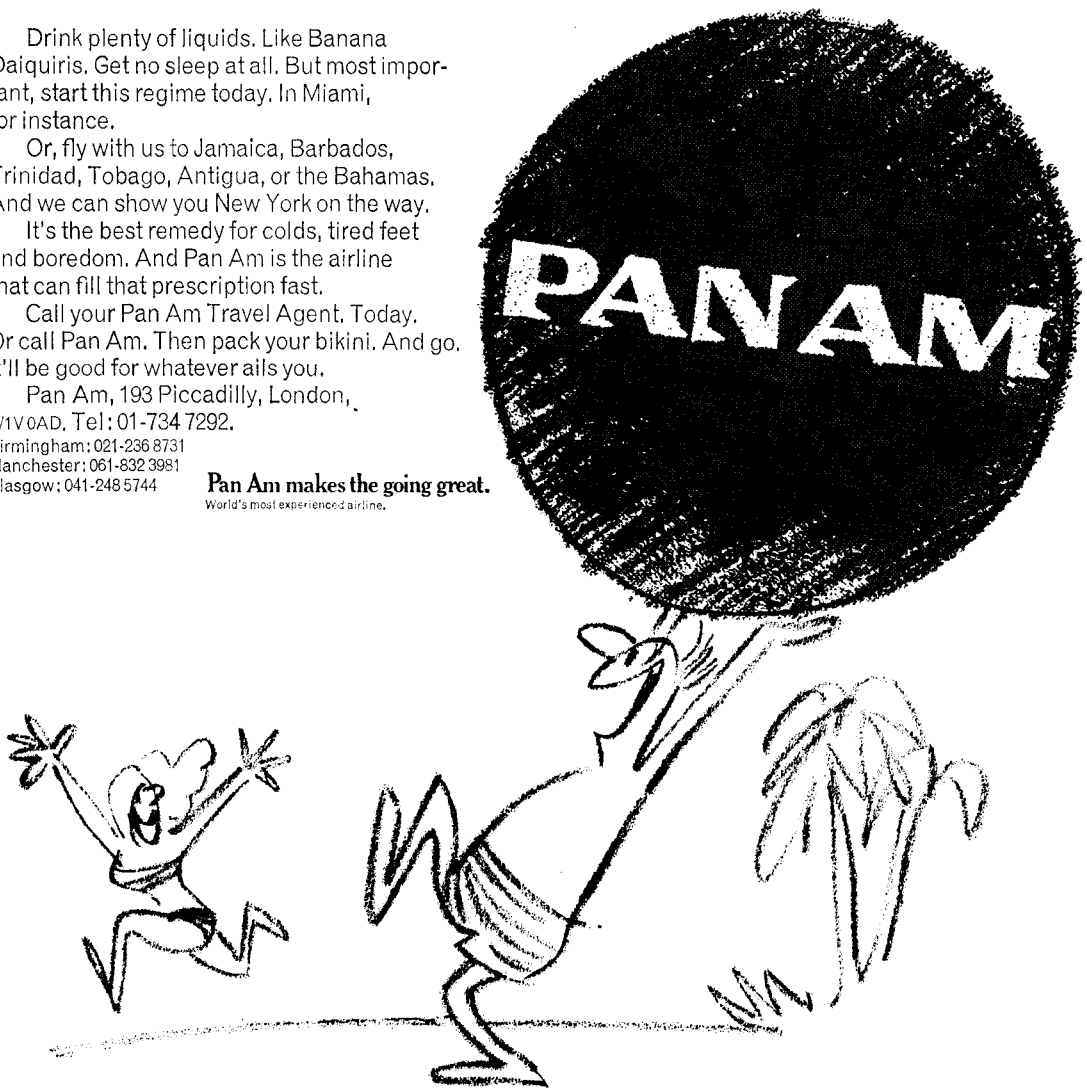

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Giorgio de Chirico

Memoirs

Self-Portrait (1922)

GROWING UP increases one's curiosity about the spectacles of life, and the attention one gives to them. In Volos my father asked a young employee of the railway company to give me drawing lessons. This first teacher of mine, called Mavrudis, was a Greek from Trieste who spoke a little Italian with a Venetian accent. He drew wonderfully well. When he taught me how to trace delicately the contours of a nose, an eye, a mouth, an ear, a curl, a knot tied in a bow, when he taught me how to shade and graduate shadows, carefully hatching with his pencil, he gave me such a profound sense of mastery that the impressions I had later when looking at the drawings of Raphael, copying and imitating the drawings of Holbein and Michelangelo, studying the drawings of Dürer through a magnifying-glass, seemed trifles in comparison.

When I found myself in the presence of Mavrudis I looked at him and as I looked I wandered into a world of dream and fantasy. I thought that this man could draw everything, even from memory, even in the dark, even without looking; that he could draw the clouds fleeing over the sky and the plants on the earth, the branches of the trees moving in the wind and flowers of the most complex shape; men and animals, fruit and vegetables, reptiles and insects, fish swimming in the water and birds flying on high; I thought that everything could be portrayed by this extraordinary man's magic pencil. As I looked at him I imagined that I was him; yes, I would have liked to be this man then, I would have liked to be the artist Mavrudis. I found myself in the same state of mind as Dr Bovary when, towards the end of Flaubert's famous novel, he meets Rodolphe Boulanger and sits down at the same table with him in an inn. Dr Bovary knows that Rodolphe has been his wife's lover, for after her suicide he had found some letters in a secret casket, but Rodolphe thinks that the doctor is still unaware of the fact and in order to disperse the gloomy atmosphere he talks quickly and a great deal about this and that, about country matters, crops, cattle, etc., but the doctor, overwhelmed by his deep sorrow, does not listen to him, looks at him intensely, looks at this man whom she has loved and, says Flaubert, *il aurait voulu être cet homme*, he would like to have been that man.

Many years later, in different circumstances and for different reasons, it happened again

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that I felt like Dr Bovary *vis-à-vis* Rodolphe, and this happened to me and still happens sometimes when I meet my friend, the painter Nino Bertoletti. The painter Bertoletti is a man for whom I have always had great esteem and sympathy; he is intelligent, cultivated, educated and normal; and in art he has had the courage never to get mixed up with the schemes of the so-called modernists. Furthermore, he leads a well-balanced and regular life: during the more than twenty-five years since I have known him he has only moved house twice, while during the same period I have moved house twenty-one times, without counting the more or less prolonged stays I have made in inns, *pensioni*, furnished apartments, furnished rooms and with friends and relatives, without counting changes of cities, districts, countries and even continents. Bertoletti has always lived in the same city, and has kept his furniture, books and belongings. Now I have always wanted a peaceful and well regulated life, surrounded by my own things. It happens that when I find myself with Bertoletti at a café or somewhere else, while talking to him about painting, exhibitions, *Biennales* and *Quadriennales*, I sometimes forget to listen to him and in looking at him I think that this man who is talking to me has moved house only twice in more than a quarter of a century and that these divans and these armchairs where he is sitting in his place in the Via Condotti are probably the same ones in which twenty years earlier he would sit in his place near the Via Nomentana and thus, as I look at him, I lose myself in a pleasant dream and in fantasy I imagine myself to be this man, to be Bertoletti myself.

My master Mavrudis came three times a week to give me drawing lessons. He was the first to teach me the love of clean, beautiful lines, fine contours and well-modelled forms. He was the first to teach me the love of good materials: Faber pencils with good points, paper of first quality, *Elephant*-brand rubbers (which were very soft). He was the first to teach me how to sharpen pencils in a regular way, cutting round the wood with care and symmetry and not in the slovenly manner of many people, making the point of the pencil look like a big toe deformed by the cold. Later I found all these fine things explained with great acumen and intelligence in a very fine book on drawing written by Ruskin. If my master Mavrudis were in Rome today he could show the way to all our modernistic "geniuses" and teach them that before being imitators of Cézanne, Picasso, Soutine or Martissi, and before feeling emotion, anguish, sincerity, sensitivity, spontaneity, spirituality and other moods of the kind, they would do better to learn how to sharpen their pencils properly and try to use these pencils to make a good drawing of an eye, a nose, a mouth or an ear.

LIFE IN THE LITTLE CITY of Volos was full of metaphysical and provincial events. I used to make kites. I had become a real master of kite-making, for which I used coloured paper. When I went to fly these kites in a square in front of our house I was almost always alone. Children from another district also came to fly their kites in this square, but they stood a long way away from me and tried to send theirs higher in order to obstruct my kite by entangling their strings with mine and bring mine down. In local slang this operation was described as *fanestra*. If I wanted to make a verb out of *fanestra*, I could say that when I was fanestrated I reacted violently and threw stones at the fanestrators.

I was very skilled in shooting stones with a catapult, an ability I have kept and if I have no proper catapult I can do the same things with my trouser belt. One day, after one of my most beautiful kites with gorgeous colours had been fanestrated, a particularly violent stone-fight broke out. I believe that my brother was also with me as well as another boy of the same age, the son of a French engineer; but my brother was smaller than I was and my friend threw stones rather timidly. In fact it was I who did everything, I was the monomachist, the one who remained to fight alone, as I remain today in the camp of good painting, a camp which is less risky physically but much more difficult to lead to victory, for in fact it is much more difficult to paint a good picture than to win ten battles, either with stones or cannon, and even with atomic bombs.

When I think of my life at that time I see how certain events repeat themselves, in different circumstances, in different places, on different planes. Even at that time those Thessalian street urchins were spurred on by hatred to bring down my kite, because it was

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more beautiful and bigger than theirs. In addition, they saw that I lived in a house that was more beautiful than theirs; that I was better dressed than they were and that I must be more intelligent and must know much more than they did about many things, and therefore I was anathema. In the same way now among intellectual, modernistic and asinine painters a kind of Holy Alliance has been formed for putting spokes in my wheels and causing me harm in my work as a painter; only today it is a question of other weapons and bringing down my painting is a little more difficult than it was for those urchins to "fanestrate" my kite.

On that occasion the stone fight came to a more dramatic end than the previous ones. I received a hard blow on the head from a stone, which was very painful. Fortunately I was wearing a kind of Basque beret pulled down over one ear and the stone struck me in a place that was protected by the thickness of the beret. Soon after I had been hit on the head the cook Nicola, who had left a tavern on the other side of the square to get me out of this mess, was struck on the mouth by a stone shot from a catapult and knocked down over the table that was standing outside. The cook's face was stained with blood. Nicola, a man of iron muscles who did not waste time, rushed furiously into the midst of the urchins and distributed blows and cuffs in all directions. Under this shower of hard punches the urchins dispersed as though by magic and Nicola, picking me up with one arm and my brother with the other, cursing and swearing, carried us into the house like dead weights. In the evening there was a kind of family council; I don't remember what was decided, I only recall that at a certain point my father concluded philosophically, "Fortunately he was wearing his Basque beret."

Still Life (1928)

DURING THE SUMMER, when the weather was calm, we used to go fishing. These expeditions consisted of my mother, myself, my brother, and two railway employees, one called Messaritis and the other Calojeropulos, who were specialists in line-fishing. Messaritis was a dreamer and a romantic. He wore a little chestnut-coloured beard, was of medium height and was reminiscent of those people who, dressed as courtiers and gentlemen, in *Rigoletto* and other old melodramas pass across the back of the stage, while in front the principal singers are singing at the top of their voices about the sorrows and joys of the characters they represent. Messaritis was a specialist in the driving of locomotives, like the late King Boris of Bulgaria, and liked to be photographed, all dirty with soot, on the express, with his right hand resting on a lever. But in the evening, when his work was finished, he dressed with a certain elegance; he wore white linen waistcoats and went to have supper in the garden of an inn which was called the *Auberge de France*. This inn stood almost at the edge of the sea and Messaritis would order excellent pilaffs, exquisitely flavoured, and portions of roast lamb, rich, tender and almost sweet, like a tart. Messaritis was very sentimental and romantic. He was always in love with women and girls who were beyond his reach and when in the evening he was with us in the café by the sea, and his heart overflowed with suppressed passion, he would escape from himself by singing to me, as though for a joke, in a bass voice, scraps from popular Greek romances:

those black eyes that gaze at me,
lower them, O my light,
because they slay me.

Calojeropulos, on the other hand, was a sceptic and a joker but perhaps he was more profound and metaphysical than Messaritis.

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He played the violin and the cello and took part in concerts of chamber music in the house of the Austrian consul, who was called Minciaki. The Minciakis came from Trieste and in Venice I knew one of their nephews, the engineer Ehrenfreund, whom everyone in Venice called Frumi. Calojeropulos also sang in a low voice, but he did it as a joke. Through hearing Italian operas sung in Italian he had come to know a little of our language. When he felt like joking he would sing this song to me in Italian:

Ma in campagna è un' altra cosa
c'è più gusto a far l'amor
perchè là il cuor riposa
vicino al suo tesor.

But one day Calojeropulos recounted to me a very sad and mysterious thing, something profound and obscure, like the motif of Dante's *Vita Nuova*. He told me that when he was a child there lived in his district a little girl of the same age, the daughter of their neighbour. He often played with this child and they became very good friends. One night the little Calojeropulos dreamt that he was in his bedroom and was looking at the canary in a cage near the window; in his dream this canary looked like his little neighbour. Suddenly the little canary began to swell slowly; it became like a big yellow ball and fell down dead at the bottom of the cage. Little Calojeropulos woke up crying, suffering terrible anguish, and remained awake in his bed until dawn. When morning came he heard loud voices from the house next door and shortly afterwards learnt that his little neighbour had died during the night.

The fishing expeditions were a great joy to me. It is certain that all these spectacles of exceptional beauty which I saw in Greece as a boy and which were the most beautiful I have seen in all my life, made such a deep impression on me and remained so powerfully impressed on my mind and thoughts because I am an exceptional man who feels and understands a hundred times more strongly than others.

We got up very early in the morning to go fishing and when we got into the boat which was to take us out into the middle of the gulf, dawn was still breaking; the sea was a mirror. Never in other countries afterwards did I see a mirror of water so beautiful; however, on this shining surface a fish, a divine mullet, would leap out of the water. After so many years I see this spectacle as I saw it then, but if I tried to describe it completely, to represent it by means of a pen, a pencil or a brush, I would not succeed at all. Greece has inspired many artists at all times, but there are things so beautiful that they can only be imagined. There is much truth in fact in the words of the Greek 19th-century painter Nicolaos Ghisis when he said: "I cannot paint Greece as beautiful as I imagine it . . ."

DURING OUR STAY at Volos in 1897 war broke out between the Greeks and the Turks. I witnessed many sights full of fear, anguish, piety and suffering, sometimes they were even revolting, and, multiplied by a hundred or a thousand, I saw them again during the First World War and later still during the Second. When the Graeco-Turkish War was declared there were, as at the beginning of all wars, moments of enthusiasm. Soldiers who had been called up passed by singing. Many middle-class people, who were not called up, went to the shooting-range to practise firing with the Gras rifle, which at that time was used by the Greek army. The Gras rifle fired one shot at a time and had a central percussion system. I believe it was invented by a French officer named Gras and was a perfected version of the old Chassepot rifle.

The first bad news came. The Turks advanced into Thessaly and the army of the Crown Prince Constantine was beaten. Panic broke out at Volos. Many people fled. Small steamers and also sailing ships, overloaded with refugees, moved heavily out of the gulf directly towards Attica. English, French, Russian and Italian warships came to protect the citizens of their respective countries. The Italian ship was called *Vesuvio*. It was an old ship whose principal armament consisted of an enormous breech-loading cannon, into which the complete shell was not loaded all at once, but the explosive, the projectiles and the combustible material were loaded separately. Furthermore, this cannon was fixed and in order to fire it the whole ship had to be changed round; in short, it was something which today would have given the commander of the American Pacific fleet an epileptic fit. The captain of the *Vesuvio* was called Ampugnani and was a gentleman for whom my father had a great

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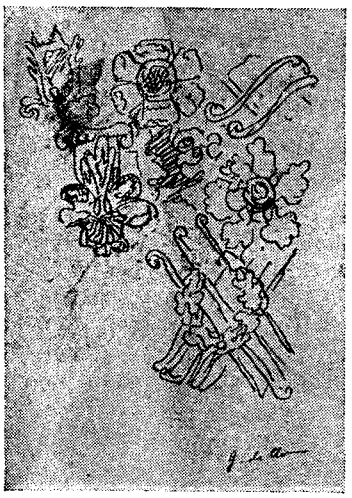
liking. The captain of the French warship, called Pampelonne, was the classic type of 19th-century French naval officer. He wore grey whiskers and resembled Admiral Courbet as I had seen him in a print entitled *Admiral Courbet at the Siege of Fu-tchu.* Captain Pampelonne was an excellent pianist and came to play in our house; the preludes and nocturnes of Chopin were his speciality.

Dramas also took place during the occupation of Volos by the Turks. Among the inhabitants of the city was a Greek gentleman, a friend of my father's. He was a lawyer and was called Manusso. He was already elderly, a tall, strong-limbed man with a Herculean appearance. He wore white whiskers and eyeglasses. He had no family. He saw very few people, was taciturn and seemed to be obsessed by serious thoughts. Many years before he had killed a man in a fit of temper. He had been tried and condemned with extenuating circumstances, had worked off his punishment and on coming out of prison had taken up his profession of lawyer again. But he had become a different man. He was overcome with remorse. The thought of the life destroyed by his hand gave him no peace. One night, while the Turkish troops occupied Volos, some soldiers, wearing the uniform of the Ottoman army, knocked at Manusso's door. He got up and opened it. He was immediately surrounded and handcuffed under the threat of loaded rifles, then led out of the city by soldiers with fixed bayonets.



Decorative Motif (1945)

It was a sultry summer night. The soldiers, with their prisoner in their midst, passed beneath the window of another lawyer. He came out on to the balcony, for he could not sleep because of the great heat, and recognised his friend and colleague. He called out to him by name: "Manusso, where are you going?" Manusso replied in a resigned voice: "I'm going wherever they're taking me."

The next day Manusso's body was found in a deserted field, slashed with bayonet wounds. Around it the ground was churned up by deep footmarks. The victim's handcuffs had been snapped. There were also a rifle in pieces, fezes and scraps of uniforms. The old Hercules, in spite of being handcuffed, had succeeded in breaking apart his handcuffs and had then defended himself as best he could, succeeding also in smashing the rifle of one of his murderers. But then, covered with blows, and suffering from loss of blood, he had fallen, never to rise again.

There was an inquest which came to no conclusion. Everyone was convinced, however, that relations of the man Manusso had killed so many years before had dressed up as Turkish soldiers to carry out their vendetta.

Another crime was committed at the same time. One morning a Catholic priest was also found dead in his bedroom from bayonet cuts. Fezes were found lying on the staircase. It appeared that the authors of this crime were also bogus Turkish soldiers; it was said that Greeks had killed the Catholic priest in order to attract the attention of foreign powers by making it look as though the crime had been committed by Turks and forcing them to make the Turks evacuate Greece.

During all this sad period my father had made every possible effort to save the railway equipment, and after the Turks had retreated he was decorated with the order of St. George through the personal intervention of King George of Greece.

ONE DAY, during the Turkish occupation of Volos, I fell while playing in the garden and broke the bones in my right elbow. My arm remained bent and stiff and I could not move it in any direction. My mother asked an old Jew, who traded in empty bottles and said he was something of a doctor, to treat my arm. He massaged me with pig's grease but my arm did not get better and we had to ask the doctor on board the *Vesuvio* and he came and looked after me until I recovered. This old Jew bought empty bottles and went round the town with a sack on his shoulders. When he

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came to our house and my father was there he always told the servants to give him all the empty bottles and not to take his money. The street urchins of the district would appear behind the old Jew and sneer at him. One day, while he was going out of our house with his sack full of bottles, he began to complain, probably because some of the mineral-water bottles were not quite empty. On that day the crowd of urchins excelled themselves, seeing the old Jew in difficulties, and he stopped in the middle of the street to see whether the sack had finally given way behind his back. My father, who had been watching this scene from the house, became furious and sent the children away with threats and abuse.

Like all true gentlemen of the 19th century my father was pro-Jewish. Those boys teasing the old Jew, who was unarmed, alone and incapable of defending himself, represented in a small way the ignoble anti-Jewish campaign provoked by Hitler and which found fertile ground for development in the sadistic depravity of the German people, so many years afterwards. Anti-Semitism is no different from the sadism which ranges from the simple fact of saying that someone is a Jew, of "revealing" the Jew, to the attacks made in the 17th century by the Marchese del Grillo and which later, through phenomena more or less serious, like the Dreyfus Affair, could reach the sadistic criminality shown by the Germans in systematic persecution and mass killings. Those urchins in Volos, perhaps through a subconscious need to justify their misdeeds, said that the old Jew "did not believe in God". I felt curious and one day I wanted to clear this matter up, so while the old Jew was going out of our garden with his sack full of empty bottles I came up to him and asked him what God was. He stopped, looked at me, carefully put his sack down on the ground and with his long wizened hand showed me the slopes of Mount Pelion which rose to the north, covered with white villages. He showed me the sky and the clouds which were passing on high and said, "There you are, God is the hills, the sky, the clouds. . . ." I made no answer. I helped him to put the sack on his shoulders and went back into the house, my mind full of confused thoughts.

I SAW my first exhibition of painting, and remained deeply impressed by it. Among the canvases that struck me most was in the first place an episode from the Graeco-Turkish War in Thessaly. Near a kind of poor-looking house was a detachment of infantry which, together with some officers on horseback, seemed to be waiting for the moment of going into action. Farther away the battle itself was visible. A file of infantry soldiers, some with one knee on the ground and some lying flat, were firing, and to the right a detachment of cavalry could be seen galloping along a wide and dusty road. In the foreground the body of a soldier who had been killed lay in the dust of the street. One critic, while speaking of this canvas, tried to be witty—which was, moreover, in bad taste—and wrote, alluding to the dead soldier's body, that he did not understand why the painter had included a "still life" in his picture of the battle. In his article he used the French, *nature morte*.

The painter of this picture was called Roilos and he was later my drawing teacher at the Polytechnic School. Roilos had specialised in military subjects. He had a great deal of talent, drew well and possessed a gift for composition. If he had lived in Paris, Italy or in another country more Europeanised than Greece he would have been able to acquire a high degree of fame. Publishers would have reproduced his work in substantial monographs and if he had been in Italy he would certainly have been compared by the critics and intellectuals to Paolo Uccello. He was in no way inferior to Giovanni Fattori, who was considered by our critics to be the genius of 19th-century Italy. Roilos was superior to Fattori.

Another painter who impressed me very much was called Rallis and lived in Paris where apparently he was noticed by those who frequented the salons. Rallis painted with unusually bright and vivid colours and his draughtsmanship was very precise. His subjects for the most part were Oriental scenes.

I remember that at that time these pictures seemed to me very beautiful and much better than all the ancient pictures which I had seen at home reproduced in colour or in black and white in art books about old painting. These old pictures gave me less pleasure, and these famous works seemed to me less natural, less obvious. I think I felt like this because I had come to understand the greatness, the

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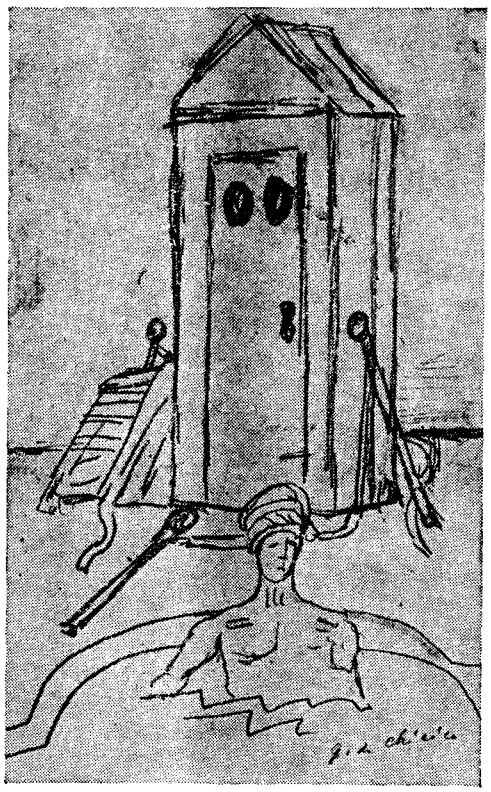
mystery, the joy of great painting and I think that nearly everyone sees great paintings once only during their lifetime, even if they live for a hundred years, just as I saw it then, and if afterwards, with education and instruction, they learn to express respect and admiration for the works of the great artists of the past, this respect and admiration are purely mechanical facts and correspond to no sincere feeling, nor to any true and profound comprehension and conviction.

DURING OUR STAY in the Stambulopulos house the first Olympic Games took place. Athens was *en fête*. Arches covered with flares from gas-jets spanned the streets in the centre, where the lights were as bright as sunlight. The winner of the marathon was a Greek named Luis. I remember Luis's arrival at the stadium. He was completely black, like some students of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* in Paris, when they dress up for the famous "*bal des Quat'z Arts*" which is held every year. The Crown Prince Constantine went down into the arena and embraced Luis. The public was delirious. Another Olympic winner was an infantry corporal by name of Tofalos, who was the winner in the contest for weight-lifting. When Tofalos was a boy little more than ten years old he was rather short but was as plump as a whale and weighed 240 pounds. He was the son of a wine-grower in the Peloponnesus and in his father's shop he used to lift on his own enormous cases full of wine that four men together were unable to move.



Mysterious Baths (1939)

In the stadium in Athens after the Olympic games there were some performances of *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The famous tragic actor Sylvian had come specially from Paris, accompanied by the Franco-Greek Parnassian poet Moréas, who had translated the tragedy into French.

While the spectacle of the Olympic Games had been fine and heartening, giving rise to great enthusiasm, *Iphigenia in Tauris* was dreary, tedious and above all artificial. A destructive atmosphere of intellectualism lay over the public and the actors. It looked as though everyone was stifling huge yawns. It was an atmosphere in fact that was akin to the one which exists today in concert halls when modern music is being played, or in theatres during performances of plays with intellectual pretensions, or when modern works are shown in exhibitions of modern painting, in fact during all those gatherings, in all those places where the snobbery and stupidity of our contemporaries meet. I have always had a strong aversion to open-air spectacles. People in costume who speak and gesticulate beneath a real sky in the midst of real nature have always given me the impression of something as stupid as it is false. But the organisers of open-air spectacles do not want to understand and continue, more through stupidity than through obstinacy or conviction, to give these clumsy performances in all countries, and even film directors refuse to accept that in films people in costume cannot move about in the midst of real nature, beneath a real sky, among real trees, by a real sea, and that the older the people's costumes, the more real nature appears false in comparison. A person in costume needs painted scenery, painted skies, trees and mountains, because he can then appear in his true aspect. To do what is done today is stupid.

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The theatrical device of the Fortuny cupola and of all those mechanical devices which make rain, clouds, lightning, storms and the sea appear genuine, succeed only in giving the spectacle an air that is immensely dull, ugly, antipathetic, stupid and above all artificial. Naturally the public does not understand these things and during the summer shows at the Baths of Caracalla loud applause always breaks out in the last act of *La Forza del Destino* where one can see a waterfall with water that looks real. Men take a long time to understand what I and, with greater acumen and depth than I, Isabella Far, the greatest philosophical mind of our century, have written many times, explaining and re-explaining and demonstrating in every possible way. I remember again what Ernest Renan said, that nothing gave him a greater sense of infinity than the stupidity of mankind.

ABOUT COUNTRIES, as about peoples and also individuals, false legends are created. For example, Italy has the reputation of being a country full of sun and flowers, but on the other hand I saw much more of these in Holland, England, and Germany. The Austrians have the reputation of being kinder, more educated, and more human than the Germans, although less serious and more frivolous. On the other hand the worst delinquents, the most sadistic criminals of the Nazi militia, were recruited from among the Austrians and Hitler himself was an Austrian. Many people believe that the Bavarians are less German than the Prussians because they live in the south, that is closer to us, and are more cordial, less hard, less wicked. This is not true at all. I lived two years in Bavaria and I can say with conviction that the Bavarians are much worse than the Prussians and that in the two years I stayed in Munich the only Germans with whom I was friendly and in whom I found a little cordiality and understanding were in fact two Prussians: Fritz Gartz and his brother Kurt, a medical student. Kurt was obsessed by the philosophical ideas of Nietzsche and I observed in him mental anomalies; at the same time I observed that he, in common with everyone who had read Nietzsche, had not in fact understood what constituted the true novelty discovered by this philosopher. This novelty is a strange and profound poetry, infinitely mysterious and solitary, which is based on the *Stimmung* (I use this very effective German word which could be translated as atmosphere in the moral sense), the *Stimmung*, I repeat, of an autumn afternoon, when the sky is clear and the shadows are longer than in summer, for the sun is beginning to be lower. This extraordinary sensation can be found (but it is necessary naturally to have the good fortune to possess my exceptional faculties) in Italian cities and in Mediterranean cities like Genoa or Nice; but the Italian city *par excellence* where this extraordinary phenomenon appears is Turin. I tried to make Kurt Gartz understand all these beautiful things; he listened to me very intently and made a great effort to understand, wrinkling his forehead and looking down, but I felt that he did not understand and would never have understood.

Early one morning when I was still in bed Kurt visited me in the bedroom where I lived and which also served as my studio; he looked wild. On the floor, leaning against the wall, stood a picture which I had recently brought back from the Academy. It represented a nude man seated on a stone with a shield at his feet, surmounted by a sword. Kurt looked at this picture fixedly for a long time and I thought that he was taking an interest in my work and in the progress I was making at the Academy. He began to speak, however, in a strange and disconnected fashion, as art critics and intellectuals do today. He spoke about ancient battles, Homeric battles, and told me that he would have liked to be a warrior of that period and hurl himself naked with sword and shield into the thick of the fight and then fall covered with blows. With a hoarse voice he began to recite some lines from Schiller:

Will sich Hector ewig von mir wenden
Wo Achill mit den unnahbarn Händen
Dem Patroclus schrecklich Opfer bringt?

(Does Hector wish to turn from me forever
Where Achilles of the implacable hands.
Carries out a fearful sacrifice to Patroclus?)

Seeing that his agitation was increasing I suggested, in order to calm him, that he should accompany me on a walk outside the city. I dressed quickly and we went out; the streets and rooftops were white with snow. We crossed

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the suburbs and went towards the countryside. At a certain point we saw a wagon which had stopped at the side of the road. The wagon was full of big tubes of cast-iron. Beneath the excessive weight the back wheels of the wagon had penetrated deeply into the muddy ground and the efforts of the horses and the incitement of the drivers did not succeed in moving the vehicle. My companion stopped and began to look at this scene, just as shortly before he had looked at the nude warrior in my room. At a certain moment, while continuing to look at the wagon, he took hold of my wrist and, grasping it tightly, said in a low voice: "Look, the wheels of that wagon have sunk down and stuck in the soil. A great weight prevents it from moving. My mind resembles the wheels of that wagon."

A few days later Kurt, whose mental state had become still worse, was accompanied to Berlin by his brother and taken to a psychiatric clinic. Three years later, when I had already returned to Italy and was in Florence, the painter Fritz Gartz wrote to me that his brother had committed suicide in Berlin, in a public park, by shooting himself in the head with a pistol.

At the Academy of Fine Arts I attended for a few months a class in black and white, then I went on into a painting class. The students were of very poor standard. Unlike those I had seen at the Polytechnic in Athens, where there were many young men full of talent and full of romantic temperament and love for painting, at the Munich Academy I did not see even one who knew how to hold a piece of charcoal or a brush in his hand. The painting which had the dominating influence at that time was the painting of the Secession, the painting which afterwards set the style of the *Salon d'Automne* in Paris and then spread throughout the world, establishing modern painting. All these styles, or *genres*, which were made fashionable in Paris by the nefarious propaganda of the dealers, had their origin in Munich. But in Paris the activity of the dealers in valuing and imposing decaying and decadent painting began with the advent of the impressionists; the activity of the dealers,

Satyr (1962)

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as I say, was more unrelenting and more insistent there than in any other place. The Secession of Munich was the source, during that first half of the twentieth century, of two events which were excessively harmful for humanity. The second was, as I have already said, infinitely more harmful than the first, since it cost the lives of millions of innocent men and women and caused indescribable physical and moral suffering. These two events were modern painting and Nazism. Let us hope that the Bavarian capital has stopped there and that at least this time the famous saying that there are never two without three will be proved wrong, otherwise, when the third thing comes, it will be every man for himself.

IT WAS in 1915 that artistic and literary decadence began in Italy. Until that time, I remember, a certain style was still maintained in all camps. There had been and there still were *literati,* poets and writers: Carducci, Pascoli, D'Annunzio and other minor figures who, however open they are to the attacks of a certain category of individuals, are real giants in comparison with the brainless molluscs who infest poetry and literature today; and then it was a question of cultured and even erudite men who continually perfected their culture and education; they were workers who passed whole days and nights at their work-tables, unlike those of today who are lazy and illiterate and spend their days and half their nights in cafés. The former were still men of much dignity, men who felt proud of being Italian and judged everything that was being done outside Italy with balance and good sense, without hypocritical envy and systematic hostility, as during the fascist period, but at the same time without ecstasy and ridiculous passion, as happens now. Whereas today you see our intellectuals who, simply on hearing the names of Paul Valéry, Claudel or Gide, simply on hearing people speak of the *Nouvelle Revue Française,* Picasso or Cocteau, wet their pants with excitement and are affected with a kind of quivering of the jaws as though they were suffering from malaria.

To give an idea of the extent to which this love or rather idolatry of foreign things can go today among our writers I need only say that a few years ago one of our painters went to Paris to have a taste of that calamity-city and see the orginals of the "masterpieces" by Braque, Matisse and other fabricators of pseudo-painting, in the sanctuaries of the Rue de La Boétie.

One morning when our painter was in Paris, he went with an Italian friend who had lived for a few years in the French capital to the Rue de La Boétie. They happened to meet Picasso who was on his way somewhere. The Italian who lived in Paris knew Picasso and stopped to introduce his friend to the famous Spanish painter. When our painter heard the name of Picasso and understood that this gentleman who had stopped to speak to them was really he, really Picasso in flesh and blood, he was overtaken by an attack of shuddering and nervous twitching; he opened his mouth but could not utter a single word; he emitted a few croaks while his jaw trembled; he had lost the power of speech; he had become dumb. Picasso left and afterwards our painter continued to utter hoarse sounds, trembled and remained incapable of speech while his friend, feeling upset, took him by the arm and led him to the nearest pharmacy. A doctor who was waiting there for patients examined him and said that he had suffered severe nervous shock, that he was probably a highly emotional subject (there are whole legions of these emotional subjects in Italy today), but added that it was not serious. The doctor asked the dumb man's friend if by chance the former had not received bad news of his family. The friend replied evasively, for he could not say that the situation was the result of a meeting with Picasso. The doctor advised a sedative with a base of bromide and tincture of valerian and told the dumb man to go back to his hotel, to go to bed and try to sleep. It was not until the evening of the same day, about 10 o'clock, that the painter from Milan recovered his speech and then his friend took him out, supporting him by the arm as though he were a convalescent, and led him to the Café du Dôme to eat something.

"But," he would recall later, "while we were there having supper I was very concerned because I remembered that Picasso sometimes went to Montparnesses in the evening and even came to the Dôme and I was afraid my friend might see him again and lose his speech again, this time for the rest of his life."

Events of this kind did not occur in the times of Carnovali, Fontanesi and Segantini,

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that is to say when Italian painters still knew how to hold a brush in their hands and had a little sense in their heads and a little pride in their souls.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE problem of the fake de Chiricos, which was becoming continually more serious, I constantly received from Milan, Florence, Turin, Alessandria and other cities photographs of fake pictures with my signature forged on them, accompanied by letters asking me to write an authentication on the back of the photographs. I would put the photograph in a drawer and then reply to the sender saying that the picture was a fake and asking him to send me the name and address of the person from whom he had bought it. I hardly ever received a reply. I also had other fakes deposited at the police headquarters in Milan and Rome; after depositing them there, however, and in spite of all the reports supplied, no results were ever achieved. What is more the laws in Italy concerning faked pictures are very elastic, not very clear and not very logical. This gives the lie to the saying that justice is equal for all. In fact, so far as works of art are concerned, justice does not seem to be that woman who is always represented with a pair of scales in one hand, a sword in the other and a bandage over her eyes. For how can it be explained that a beggar half dead with hunger is arrested, tried and punished for stealing a small loaf or a little fruit, while so many nimble-fingered people cheat others out of tens and hundreds of millions through the sale of fake pictures and do all this without punishment? Explain it to me, dear reader, if you can. Are the two sides of Justice's scales not always on the same level then? As for the bandage that this noble lady wears over her eyes, I would remove it and give her instead a large and powerful pair of opera-glasses so that she could see, especially what is happening in the distance and what escapes normal vision.

At that period there were various scandals concerning fake de Chiricos. The biggest scandals were those of the fake exhibited in the *Musée National d'Art Moderne* in Paris and that of the two fakes reproduced in a catalogue published by no less an organisation than UNESCO. As for the scandal at the museum in Paris this is what happened: one day I was in a bookshop in Rome, looking through an encyclopaedia of contemporary painting, published by a French publisher. I realised that opposite the critical-biographical piece about me, which was, moreover, shamefully misleading, there was a reproduction of a fake metaphysical painting with my signature forged on it. I bought the encyclopaedia, took it to a photographer's and had the reproduction of the fake photographed. I sent an enlargement of the photograph to the museum director. In the letter which was attached to the photograph I informed him that the picture in the museum was a crude fake; I told him that I was astonished to find that a museum in Paris exhibited fakes and requested him to remove the picture from the museum. I should never have done so! The reaction was wild. I received no reply to my letter, but in Paris journalists were called together for a press conference and there were things said that were extremely injurious towards me. The journalists were told that the picture was authentic, that I regularly declared any metaphysical pictures to be fakes because, allegedly I was angry that these pictures fetched high prices on the American market. This repetition of the phrase "high prices on the American market", when it refers to me and to other well known painters, is a remarkable legend which I have been hearing for a long time. I then wrote a second letter stating that I would give the photograph of the fake, with the name of the museum director and all the details, to the Italian and foreign newspapers and that if I did not receive an assurance that the picture had been removed from the museum I would continue to expose and denounce such operations.

There was then another press conference in Paris and it was announced that the painting had been removed from the room where it was on view, not because it was a fake but because it was ugly. Such is the mentality and I would even say the logic of certain people who in Paris today have their hands in the business of modern painting. A national museum buys a painting, paying for it (as all such museums do) with taxpayers' money, exhibits it and, after five years during which it has remained on show, when the person presumed to have painted it announces that it is a fake, and when it is seen that things are going badly, has it removed, but at the same time states that it has been removed because it

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is ugly and not because it is a fake. In fact, the men who concern themselves today with the shameful business of modern art are truly the ones that such modern art deserves.

LET ME SPEAK a little more about myself. The thing that is especially characteristic of me is an unquenchable thirst for progress that continually preoccupies me. As a result I am precisely the opposite of nearly all artists today who, as can be seen, do not advance by even one millimetre every ten years. Painters whom I have known for a long time still continue to do the same things, and if someone changes the subject matter of his painting he does so, not in an attempt to improve the quality of his own work, but simply in order to improve his own situation, in order to sell more easily, to make the critics and intellectuals more favourable towards him, while in fact the change concerns only the subject of what he does and the aim he wishes to achieve is in no way an ideal aim and has nothing to do with true art.

Yet the *Biennale* and *Quadriennale* exhibitions, without counting other more or less official shows, and those organised by dealers and pseudo-dealers, always with aims which have nothing to do with art, all these shows, as I say, follow each other and resemble each other with exasperating monotony. You never see any one of the exhibitors prove that he has made any progress or has done better than he did earlier.

My case, on the other hand, is different, I would say unique. If you think of all my exhibitions from 1918 until today you will see continual progress, a regular and persistent march towards those summits of mastery which were achieved by a few consummate artists of the past. Naturally in order to see and say all this, one must have, in addition to my exceptional intelligence, so far as true painting is concerned, one must also have my mighty personality, my courage and my ardent desire for truth. As a result it is necessary to be precisely the opposite of so many gentlemen who concern themselves with art, as for example Signors Lionella Venturi, Carlo Ragghianti and Marco Valsecchi, to mention only three, and from our country, but in every country there are whole legions of Venturis, Ragghiantis and Valsecchis.

Observing with a clinical eye the spectacle offered to us today by the humanity of our country, as in the rest of the globe, we remain astonished by the enormous quantity of things which are badly done, from useless speeches, either tending to distort truth, to vast amounts of conformism, indifference and above all stupidity, which the public in every country today displays.

Letter to Goethe

Tapping out your Roman Odes on the shoulder
of a sleeping girl. But was that use quite fair?
All's fair in art. You say you learned
in love more than enough to save your idle hours;
studying would bring you less. And yet she slept.
You went on writing in your head.
You prospered did you? She
had dreams: Egmont? Faust?—or Pan,
Earth's older gods, danced to another drummer?

O earnest German wide awake in Rome,
making each minute pay. Love reimbursed your evenings
when libraries were closed. I'd fear to read you
beside my own quiet girl, whose dreams
alike elude me.
Where all's fair in love, she breathes
counter to counting fingers.

Michael Mott

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Paul Theroux

Biographical Notes for Four American Poets

"ROBERT FROST was sitting right where I am now," said Denton Fuller, the American poet. "In this very rocking chair—"

In *The Hub,* A Magazine of Verse, Fuller's Biographical Note read:

> Born Conway, N.H., 1922; attended Green Mountain School and Bowdoin College; after graduation, "army and Byronesque ramblings". Worked for *Portland (Me.) Herald,* wrote verse late at night and far into the morning on rolls of newsprint. First book *No News* (1935) followed by *Barefoot Boy* (1938); *Good Fences* (1947) won Mr Fuller a John Wheeler Fellowship. He is presently teaching part-time and writing. Married, two daughters. Hobbies: mushrooms, dogs, farming.

"—just staring off this porch, looking meaningfully at the Common there. He could have been Tiresias, with his shock of white hair and that wise old clapboard face. And he said to me, 'Denton, I once ran away from this college—there were so many things I wanted to do.' "

"And miles to go before he slept," murmured Wilbur Parsons, the American poet.

In *The Hub,* Parsons' Biographical Note read:

> Born Worcester, Mass., 1918; educated Worcester Academy and Harvard Business School; Rhodes Scholar (Oxford University, England) 1940-41; published first book shortly after joining Homemakers Mutual Insurance Co. (Boston and New York, with branches around the world); now Executive Vice-President of this Company. In 1949 Mr Parsons founded *The Hub,* A Magazine of Verse, which he edits today when the world of finance is too much with him. Author of *The Muse and Mammon* (1943), *Predilections* (1950), and *Bull and Bear* (1957). *Curtain Raisers* (1963) is a collection of Mr Parsons' translations from the Russian of Iosif Brodsky. Married, no children. Hobbies: wines, travel, yachting, golf.

"I can't say that I knew Frost," Parsons went on. "Of course we chatted dozens of times at Breadloaf. And I was responsible for putting lots of his stuff in *The Hub.* He was a marvellous old man. My wife used to say he was salty."

"Oh, he was an old salt," said Denton Fuller. "He could have been the skipper of some great sailing ship."

"I always thought of him as the yeast at Breadloaf," said Sumner Bean, the American poet. "I mean no disrespect."

In *The Hub,* Bean's Biographical Note read:

> Born Kennebunkport, Maine, 1924; educated at The Friends School, Boston, and Antioch College. A conscientious objector, Mr Bean served as an ambulance driver, 1942-45; published his War Poems, *Back to Front* (1946), and taught for two years in Kyoto, Japan, 1949-50; published *Enemies No More* (1953). For some years he has been working on a verse play set at the time of Hiroshima and tentatively titled *Seeing the Light.* Presently teaching at Webster Friends College (Webster, Mass.). Married, four sons and a daughter. Hobbies: cycling, swimming, baking bread. Describes himself as "The oldest 'younger poet' in the U.S.A."

"It was his sense of humour," said Wilbur Parsons.

"He said he wrote his poems in couplets," Sumner Bean grinned brightly, "because that's how the world goes on—by coupling!"

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"I remember him chaffing Ciardi for telling him what 'The Road Not Taken' meant," said Fuller. "I mean, symbolically, you see. He would say—"

Here Stanley Gold, the American poet, said, "For God sake, how long is this going on! You talk about Frost as if he was some old local druggist that made great banana splits."

Gold's Biographical Note was long and breezy, and usually magazines only printed part of it. *The Hub* had never done that much, for Gold had never published there. But *The New Republic, Harper's, Commentary* and (once) *The New Yorker* had published his poems. His fullest Biographical Note appeared in *The Beloit Poetry Journal:*

> Born N.Y.C., 1931. Educated PS 119 (Flatbush) and Brooklyn College. Awarded M.A. Columbia, 1955. Worked as bus-boy, steamfitter, garage mechanic, welfare inspector, high school teacher. Nervous breakdown (1958).

Once a magazine in Iowa printed this as if it was the title of a book of poems

> followed by a period of intensive "lenitive, purgative, cathartic, oh-gosh" writing. Mr Gold is the author of *The Jews Ruse* (1960), *Hitler Riddles* (1962). A Guggenheim Fellow in 1965, Mr Gold travelled to Israel, which resulted in *Ruthless in Gaza* (1967), a travel diary. Divorced, no hobbies.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Fuller.

"That's how the world goes on, by coupling. Doesn't that sound a little *cute* to you? There was a lot of schmaltz in Frost. You must be kidding about Tiresias. Let's face it, Frost was a Yankee Harry Golden. You know, *Enjoy, Enjoy!* Except that Frost was writing for English department phoneys, not fat Jews at Grossingers, so he wrote *Provide, Provide!* But it's the same cruddy ethos." Stanley Gold started to recite "Birches" in a Yiddish accent ("Ven I zee boiches. . . .") but was cut off sharply by Fuller.

"You never met Frost, did you?" snapped Fuller.

"Me?" Stanley Gold shrugged under the severe gazes of the others. "I don't know what you mean by met. I heard him recite his poems at the YMHA in Manhattan. Then I saw him on television, at Kennedy's inauguration. His papers blew off the podium, remember? I saw him at Trilling's house, too, I forget when. He read his poems in a crackly voice, a kind of Spencer Tracy croak—"

Wilbur Parsons' finger had been pointed directly at Gold's chin for some minutes. Gold frowned at the finger and cocked his head to the side comically. But no one laughed.

"I'll tell you something," said Parsons. "You don't know the first thing about Frost and I'll tell you how I know and you can correct me if I'm wrong, Denton." Parsons paused, sipped his drink, then said simply, "Frost never recited his poems to anyone, anywhere."

"I heard him," said Gold. "At the YMHA. Then at Trilling's. I *heard* him recite his poems, I'm telling you. Boiches, for example."

"Frost never recited his poems," Parsons continued as if Gold had not said anything. "Frost used to . . . *say* . . . his poems. Am I right, Denton?"

"Absolutely, Wilbur. That's what he called it." Denton Fuller jutted his jaw out and said in a rasping voice, "I am now going to say a poem called 'Desert Places'."

"He never *recited,* he always *said* his poems," Parsons recited.

"Said, read," Gold muttered. "It's pretty cute, pretty stagey."

"Would you put your *Hitler Riddles* next to *A Boy's Will?"* Parsons challenged.

"What *is* this, some kind of stock market?" Gold snarled. Then he fell silent.

Sumner Bean steered the conversation to Robert Lowell's world view. He ordered drinks for everyone, a grapefruit juice for himself.

THE DAY HAD NOT started badly. In the car, driving to Bradley Field to meet Parsons' plane, Fuller had said to Bean, "I've been excited about this seminar for weeks. I was writing night and day, night and day. I was on to something very big and very important to me personally. I knew I had to finish it in time for the seminar, so I could show you. And by God I *did* finish it. It's back at the hotel. Frankly speaking, I think it's the best thing I've done, but I'll let you be the judge of that."

"I want to see it, Denton. You know I

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do." Sumner Bean's gentle Quaker voice soothed Fuller.

"You look at this poem," said Fuller. "But be brutal, tear it to pieces if you want to."

Sumner Bean smiled.

Fuller relaxed and drove the car with confidence, reducing his speed on the thinly iced road. "Working like a mule," he said. "I shut myself off completely when I work. Don't talk to a soul. I go for long walks. Refuse to answer the telephone."

"We don't have a telephone," said Sumner Bean. As he said it he sensed a stiffening in Fuller and was jogged by a thumped throttle. He realised he had hurt Fuller in making the non-ownership of a telephone somehow virtuous. "We're planning to get one installed, though," he lied. "Say, Denton, how's the farm?"

"Big Bertha's calved," said Fuller proudly, recovering.

"What a lovely verb," said Bean. *"Calved."*

"Well, it's mine," said Fuller, and he lifted his head and recited, *"All around the green farm the acres are waking, and hard by her stanchion old Bertha's calved—"*

"I thought that sounded familiar," said Bean.

"Good fences," said Fuller, and he cheered up.

Parsons arrived tanned, an odd figure crossing the snowswept runway, with jaunty, befeathered alpine hat and a trim topcoat, overnight bag and briefcase. He shook hands: "Denton, Sumner, good to see you again," and said that he had just returned from Nassau where he had "dickered with some off-shore properties, did a little fishing, and worked on a poem."

"You're brown as a berry," said Fuller.

"But not as dark as Berryman," said Bean.

"Ha-ha," said Parsons. "But odd you should mention him. I was talking with John just this morning in New York. I'm anthologising him."

"How's business?" asked Fuller when they were in the car and driving toward Amherst.

Parsons, in the back seat, said, "I'm working on a sonnet."

"I meant your company."

"Oh, *that*," laughed Parsons. "Going great guns. I'm negotiating a bauxite contract."

"How do you do it," said Bean with admiration. "It's all I can do to keep up with marking the freshman themes. And you, with your bauxite and ballads!"

"There's a title for you, Wilbur," said Fuller.

But Parsons had leaned forward, resting his forearms on the top of the front seat, near Sumner Bean. He was looking meditatively at the dashboard. "How do I do it? Let me ask you something: how did Wallace Stevens do it?"

"I've always wondered," said Sumner Bean.

"I'll tell you," said Parsons. "My secretary, Martha, takes my first draft down in shorthand, and then types it up with wide margins, triple-spaced. I work like blazes on that, pencilling in words, crossing things out, adding new stuff. It's a beautiful mess when I'm through with it, like one of Balzac's galley proofs."

"The Buffalo Library's buying worksheets," said Fuller. "They're paying well for them, too."

"They've got some of mine" said Parsons, "some early drafts of *The Muse and Mammon.* They've got some graduate students doing their PhDs on my work. But as I was saying. Martha's the only one who can read my handwriting. I give her my fussed-up page and she hands me back a clean copy. I mess that one up; she does another. And that's the way it goes. I keep working the thing into shape until it's letter-perfect. And, you know, the poem I start with is never the poem I finish up with—it's a completely different poem. Take that sonnet I started in Nassau. That will keep changing and changing. I'll give it to Martha on Monday. She says I'm a perfectionist. I don't know what I'd do if she ever left the firm."

"How did Wallace Stevens do it?" asked Sumner Bean.

"Well, that's my point. Exactly the same way," said Parsons. "But he did it in Key West."

"Eliot had his typist, too," said Bean. He chuckled.

Parsons dozed, his jaunty hat over his eyes, his hands folded across his briefcase.

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"I carry all sorts of scraps of paper around with me," said Fuller eagerly. "Some I carry around for years, with little bits and pieces of writing on them, phrases, words, you see. They don't mean a thing to anyone else: it's a kind of code. Then, when I get a free month, I go up to the farm and sit down and put it all together, scratching away like mad on yellow legal-size paper with a 4B pencil."

"I use a typewriter, an old Remington," said Bean.

"It's so mysterious, writing poems," said Fuller. "I don't know how it happens. It's a kind of magic, I guess."

"I haven't written a poem in three years," said Bean sadly. "Really, I haven't. It's terrible, isn't it?"

Fuller could not think of any words of consolation for Bean at first. But driving across a dry stretch of road near the greenhouses on the Amherst outskirts, Fuller was inspired. He spoke to the snowy corrugations of a distant field: "We all have our dry patches. Be patient. It'll come bubbling up when the mood takes you."

AFTER LUNCH (roast chicken, new potatoes, fresh corn, Indian pudding) they adjourned to the hotel piazza where in the chill afternoon air they sat and waited for Stanley Gold who had said he would be driving up from New York in his own car.

"They must think we're a bunch of crazy bohemian poets," said Parsons rubbing his hands and tossing his head in the direction of nearby windows. Lunching couples sat at festive tables, watched the poets, and chewed. "They're staring at us because we're doing what we damn please."

"I was looking at that tree," said Fuller reflectively. "It's a willow tree. When I was a boy I used to pretend I was a bell ringer and pull the branches of willow trees down, dong-dong-dong."

"A weeping willow," said Bean.

"It's supposed to be a sad tree," said Parsons. "But I don't think of it as a sad tree. For me it's a happy tree. Look at it."

Rooted in the Common, the tree was a cold fountain of black leafless wires, the trunk battered, icy.

"Yes, it is a happy tree," said Fuller. "Not a weeping tree at all."

"It droops, of course," said Parsons. "But that's part of its charm. No, it's not a sad tree."

"Like," Bean struggled with a phrase, "like . . . so many . . . graceful . . . ." He could not go on. He had not written a poem for three years. He drank his juice.

When Stanley Gold arrived they were still watching the tree and discussing the happy aspect it presented. Gold seated himself with them (he wore a thick woollen scarf and an army jacket; his hair was wild and bushy, his ears bright red, his glasses iced with frozen crystal needles of scattered breath). He listened for a while, blowing on his fingers, then asked, "Say, in the winter, how can you tell which trees are dead and which aren't?" and here the conversation turned to Robert Frost.

AT SIX-FIFTEEN that same evening on the steps of the Amherst Town Hall, Parsons, Fuller and Bean waited for Stanley Gold. They had arranged to meet at six; Fuller said that he had "a little surprise" for them before their early meal, a pizza and a pitcher of beer at one of the local hang-outs. Parsons said he had not had a pizza for years; Bean said he was game; Gold had nodded and said (rather too quickly, Fuller thought), "Okay, okay." Parsons said that it was customary for the English Department sponsoring such seminars to give a cocktail party before the talks and a little cold buffet afterward ("They had quite a spread for me when I read at Swarthmore"), but added that he was frankly quite anxious to see what Fuller's surprise was. There would be drinks at Prof. Bloodworth's after the evening session. At six-twenty Fuller said he didn't think Gold would show.

"Nothing gold can stay," said Bean. He was dressed for the weather: a fur hat and thick duffel coat, corduroy trousers stuck in high, freshly-oiled lumberjack boots, heavy woollen mittens. The others paid no attention to Bean's compulsive pun. Bean himself had been ten minutes late: Parsons, watching Bean approach, had said, "Look Denton, he even *dresses* like a Quaker!" Fuller had replied, "Sumner's got a heart of gold," and Parsons quipped, "Let's hope

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not." They were laughing softly even as Bean joined them.

Now Parsons was saying, "I'd never take that young man on my firm. Oh, I know he's supposed to be a good poet—very popular with campus audiences, they say—but in business punctuality is essential. If he was coming for an interview right now I would simply say to him, 'Sorry, the post has been filled by a prompt applicant', and that, my friends, would be that. I say we push off."

"Let's give him another five minutes," said Fuller flashing his watch crystal toward the street-lamp and trying to read it. "Starting now."

"What's the hurry?" Bean asked inoffensively. "Maybe he's doing something important, a call from home or something."

"Very charitable of you, Sumner," said Parsons, "but don't waste your charity. Five'll get you ten he's inside the hotel sitting on his butt. I'm telling you I know an unreliable man when I see one. Besides, he's divorced—so we know he's not calling his wife, don't we?"

Bean did not reply.

"Dylan Thomas was always late," said Fuller. He detected that Bean disapproved of Parsons' remark about Gold's divorce. Bean made a point of counselling unhappy couples and, discouraging gossip, tried to patch things up.

"Stanley Gold is not Dylan Thomas," said Parsons. "I met Dylan at Williams College back in—was it '52? You could excuse that man for anything, anything at all." Parsons blew a jet of steamy breath into the night air and said, "I've had it. Gentlemen, shall we lead on?"

"I don't see," said Bean, "how you can be so hard on Stanley. He strikes me as a very sincere person. And I've read his poems. They're darned good."

"Well, I haven't read as many of his poems as you have, I'm sure. He's never sent any to *The Hub,*" said Parsons, aggrieved. "But I'll tell you something. I stand here waiting for him and I say to myself: this isn't how poems get written. With poetry it's fish or cut bait. It takes discipline, application, plain old work. Gold would probably call me an old fogy for saying this: it takes a lot of things that young man doesn't have."

"I don't think Stanley would call you an old fogy," said Bean.

Parsons continued. "That's why Stevens will always be a greater poet for me than, say, Hart Crane. One basic reason is that Stevens knew about discipline, and there was no nonsense about it. He ordered his life. He invested wisely. He ordered his poems. There's something very, very American about that. Hart Crane was a sot. Granted, his death was tragic. I'm not saying it wasn't. But Wallace Stevens knew how a poem is made, the way real poets do."

"I haven't written a poem for three years," said Bean. He said it with a certain pride.

"Marilyn Monroe was always late," said Fuller. "I'm thinking of writing a poem about her. She was America."

"She had a lot of talent," said Parsons. "But hasn't someone already done a poem about her? Was it Thom Gunn?"

"He did Elvis Presley," said Fuller, piqued.

"They say Marilyn Monroe had a very unhappy childhood," said Bean.

"The worst," said Fuller. "Boy, could I tell you some stories. They'd stand your hair on end."

Bean had been watching the distant sidewalk. He saw a figure loping along. He said, "I think that's Gold, isn't it? He's headed in this direction."

Parsons squinted. "Could be." He turned to Bean. "I tell you what. I'm going to ask him where he's been. Watch him squirm. A fellow like that never gets asked why he's late. It'll be a good experience for him."

"You might call this a threat," said Bean in a steady voice, facing the much-taller Parsons, "but if you ask him that I will go straight back to the hotel in protest. You have no right to ask that man for an explanation. None whatsoever."

Parsons turned away. When Gold came near and Fuller led the way down the icy sidewalk, Parsons paired up with Fuller and Gold fell in with Bean. The four poets shuffled, so as not to fall.

"You see a lot of stars around here," said Gold.

Bean obligingly indicated several constellations.

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Up front Parsons talked about Nassau. They walked two hundred yards, then Fuller said to stop right where they were and to look across the street. There was a high wall of shrubbery—evergreens—some bare trees, and just visible the large-windowed top floor of a very old house. Gold and Bean caught up. They all stared at the house.

"What I want you to look at," said Fuller, "is that upper right-hand window over there." He pointed to the window with a gloved hand. The window gleamed black. "A great poet lived there her whole life. Barely stirred from her room. Great poems were written right up there behind that window." Fuller paused, saying with some emotion, "The poems of Emily Dickinson."

"When I was reading my poems in England," said Parsons, "an Englishman came up to me and said, 'I know you have Edna Ferber, but we have Emily Brontë.' I looked him straight in the eye and said, 'We have Emily Dickinson, and they don't come any better than that.' He shut up, of course."

But Bean had started reciting "Much madness is divinest sense" and Parsons' story went unnoticed. Fuller followed with "After great pain a formal feeling comes", and Parsons, with a glance at Gold, recited "A narrow fellow in the grass." And then they went for their pizza.

THE SEMINAR ("Poetry: Meaning and Being") was held in the overheated chapel. The poets spoke in turn. With a rustic twinkle in his eye, Fuller talked about his own poems ("who knows where a poem comes from?") and his ardent cultivation of cabbages ("and that's a kind of creating, too!"); Parsons was candid about the rat-race and said there was no money in poetry, but writing poems was "a lot cheaper than paying five grand to a headshrinker"; he told about his secretary and how he often composed poems right in Wall Street itself ("who needs a vernal wood?"), and he read some of his Russian translations. Bean spoke movingly of Viet Nam: "At this moment a young poet in Bien Hoa is trying to unstick fiery napalm from his fingers" and he finished with a sequence of verses written not by himself (he confessed his three-year barrenness) but by Ho Chi-Minh, Dag Hammarskjöld, Mao Tse-Tung, the wife of Harold Wilson, Léopold Senghor and John Kennedy. The Kennedy was prose, but read as verse. Gold shouted love lyrics scattered with references to elimination; he refused to comment on or explain any of them. At the end of the seminar the questions, mumbled by admiring students, hairy and in greasy jackets, were all directed at Gold. The Chairman, closing the seminar, said confidently, "I think we've all learned something this evening" and he led the four poets to a party at Professor Bloodworth's.

The party continued for nearly three hours, climaxing in a magical but unfortunate sudden hush in the din during which the young wife of a graduate student was heard in an insistent voice to say, "I wouldn't mind if Mailer buggered me!" Guests winced. One Associate Professor said, "Well, I guess that about wraps it up." There was laughter; the room emptied.

At the front door, Mrs Dorothy Margoulies, M.A. candidate ("Ferlinghetti and The Coney Island Ethos") and wife of the witty Associate Professor, said goodnight to Parsons and Fuller. She was moved to a violent nervous shuddering. She caught her breath and said, "I haven't felt this way since William Golding read here. I don't know what to say—"

She prattled. In the living room someone clinked ashtrays, emptying them; in the kitchen, someone else was stacking dishes in the plastic bucket innards of an electric dishwasher; in the study, Sumner Bean thumbed a book he had been wait-listed for at the Webster Library for months; Stanley Gold, slumped in a wing chair, tried to tune in on the conversation at the door.

"—*So* enjoyed your talks and readings, and I can't *tell* you how much—" There was a false pause as her voice fell, the low pitch making a purring silence. Gold heard his name, and laughter.

Then Parsons. "—Must get back to New York tomorrow—" A pause. "—No, ha-ha, not exactly. You see, Stevens worked in Connecticut. I guess that's your only major difference."

"My farm's at Ripton," said Fuller. "I'm going to shoot right up there as fast as I can."

In a cheerful frame of mind, Parsons and Fuller entered the living room. Stanley Gold

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stared at Parsons, then asked, "*Kak viv pozhivaete?*"

"I beg your pardon," said Parsons, still wearing the warm grin with which he had sent off the grateful Mrs Margoulies.

"It's Russian," said Gold.

"If you say so," said Parsons. He looked at his watch.

"It's a question."

"I thought I detected an interrogatory note there somewhere," said Parsons. He checked his watch again.

"So what's your reply?"

"My reply," and here Parsons glanced at Professor Bloodworth and Fuller, "is I don't know what the hell you're up to, but I'm going back to the hotel and get some sleep or I won't be able to do a lick of work tomorrow."

"Why?" Gold's eyes were big behind thick lenses. "Are you thinking of doing a few translations tomorrow?"

"See here," Parsons began.

But Gold had already started speaking: "I'd like to know where the hell you get the right to pretend you do translations from a language you don't know! Just tell me that and I'll be satisfied."

"Auden translated *Markings* and he doesn't know a word of Swedish. He said so." Bean called from the study.

"Shakespeare didn't speak Latin or Greek." said Fuller. "And he—"

"A little Latin and less Greek," said Bloodworth in humorous reproof. He gave the quotation its source.

"Settle down, young fellow," said Parsons. "Oh, I know you're thinking I'm a faker. But, hell, Kunitz doesn't speak Russian."

"I'm not talking about Kunitz. I'm talking about you, Daddy Warbucks."

"If you can't talk in a civil manner I'm not going on with this. You have no right to ask me for an explanation for anything. I stand by my poems and my magazine. If you think you can do a better translation of Brodsky you're welcome to try." Parsons calmed himself and added, "And while you're at it, you can send your poems to *The Hub*. We'd be mighty pleased to get them. You've never sent us any, you know."

"And I don't intend to," said Gold.

"Come on, son," said Fuller, as if to a juvenile delinquent. "Parsons is trying to help you."

"Your magazine is financed by you, isn't it?" said Gold to Parsons; he did not wait for a reply. "And your money comes from your insurance company, right? A company that for the past five years has owned controlling interest in a chemical plant that produces defoliant for the Defense Department! Who are you trying to kid!"

"Hold on a minute," said Parsons.

Bean appeared at the study door. "Say, Wilbur, that's a very serious charge. You never told me anything about that."

"Let me say this," said Parsons. "We're Americans. Each of us, in his own way, directly or indirectly, whether we want to or not, has something to do with war. I'll give you a small example. Do you know where your tax money goes?"

"I don't pay taxes," said Gold. "I don't earn enough."

"I haven't paid taxes for ten years," said Bean. "It's downright immoral, contributing to a corrupt government. I'm prepared to go to jail if necessary."

"You're off your head," said Parsons to Bean. "It's your business, I know that. But if you ask me—"

"It's been a long day," said Fuller sheepishly to Bloodworth.

"—I've endowed a lot of magazines," Parsons was saying, "a hell of a lot of them. That doesn't mean I agree with their editorial policies, no indeed! I have nothing but respect for Dr Spock's views, don't think I haven't—"

"What about your chemical plant?" asked Bean.

"I didn't come here to talk shop," said Parsons. "I came here as a poet. We're all poets. I don't know why we're behaving like this if we're poets." He stopped momentarily and looked at Bean's face, Gold's face, Fuller's face; he saw something witless and fatigued on each one. He guessed that the same thing showed on his own face. He spoke again, his tongue feeling very large in his mouth. "Come to my office. I can explain everything." He turned to Gold. "And as for you, I can tell you that I've been getting together a little anthology, and I was sort of counting on using your poem 'Moshe Dayan's Other Eye'—"

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"I wouldn't let you print that poem if you gave me ten grand," Gold said fiercely.

"The fee was fifty dollars," said Parsons. He strode to the kitchen; before Mrs Bloodworth could dry her hands on her apron Parsons took them both and shook them, thanking her for a delightful evening. He bade goodnight to Professor Bloodworth, and still urging Bean to come and see him, left with a shaken Fuller.

SUMNER BEAN and Stanley Gold left the house together. It was four in the morning; they walked in the middle of the street. They did not speak; at one point, and without warning, Bean crooked his arm through Gold's the way a stiff old-time lover might. This was the way they walked to the hotel, silently, arm in arm, feeling frail, as poetry was. And when they went to their separate rooms they did not say goodnight, but bowed slightly, trying to smile. In his bed, Gold continued the poem he had put aside the previous evening at 6:30. At his undersized hotel desk, Bean fiddled with headed note-paper; he did not begin writing immediately, but a poem was arranging itself in his head. Bean's and Gold's were only two of the poems Bloodworth later claimed as the seminar's own. There were two more, "A Night Call On Miss Dickinson", and "Pizza—A Sonnet."

My Muse

My Muse stands at the corner
Cheaply giving all and sundry
What I have no use for
When she is gay
She gives me freely whatever I want
Rarely have I seen her gay

My Muse is a nun
In the dark house
Behind double grilles
She whispers to her Belovèd
A word on my behalf

My Muse works in the factory
When her day's work is done
She wants me to take her dancing
My day's work
Is never done

My Muse is old
She raps me over the knuckles
Screeching from leathern lips
In vain Fool
Fool in vain

My Muse is a housewife
Not linen
Words are in her closet
Rarely does she open the doors
And spare me one

My Muse has leprosy
Like me
We kiss away the snow
From each other's lips
Pronounce each other clean

My Muse is German
She does not protect
But when I bathe in dragon's blood
She lays her hand upon my heart
Leaving me vulnerable.

Heinrich Böll

Translated by Leila Vennewitz.

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Harry G. Johnson

Revolution & Counter-Revolution in Economics

From Lord Keynes to Milton Friedman

THE CONCEPT of "revolution" is difficult to transfer from its origins in politics to other fields of social science. Its essence is unexpected speed of change, and this requires a judgment of speed in the context of a longer perspective of historical change, the choice of which is likely to be debatable in the extreme. Leaving the judgmental issue aside for the moment, one could characterise the history of our economic thought in terms of a series of "revolutions", very broadly defined, as follows.

Economics as we know it began with what might be called the "Smithian Revolution" against the established body of doctrines generically described as "Mercantilism", a revolution which changed ideas on the nature and sources of the wealth of nations and the policies required to promote the growth of what we now call "affluence."

The Ricardian revolution turned the attention of economists from concern with national wealth and its growth to the distribution of income among social classes and the interactions of growth and income distribution.

The Marginalist revolution of the 1870s essentially introduced a new and superior analytical technology for dealing with Ricardo's distribution problem, in the process gradually depriving Ricardian economics of its social content; hence the results of that revolution have been described as neo-Ricardian or more commonly neo-classical economics.

Contemporary economics is based on this historic development—and on at least four discernable "revolutions" that occurred in the late 1920s and in the 1930s. *(1)* One was the imperfect-monopolistic competition revolution—which challenged the validity of the assumption of perfect competition on which value theory had come to be built following the marginalist revolution (and particularly the conclusions about the welfare effects of competition to which that theory led). This revolution has more or less fizzled out, though its fossilised remnants continue to plague both students and their instructors in elementary courses. *(2)* Another was the empirical or econometric revolution, with its insistence initially on the measurement of economic relationships and (subsequently, and more ambitiously) on the testing of economic hypotheses—though the "testing of hypotheses" is frequently merely a euphemism for obtaining plausible numbers to provide ceremonial adequacy for a theory chosen and defended on *a priori* grounds. *(3)* The third was the general equilibrium revolution (based on the introduction by Hicks and Allen of the continental Walrasian-Paretoan approach into the Anglo-Saxon tradition), replacing the then-dominant Marshallian partial-equilibrium approach. *(4)* Finally, and most sweepingly in its effects, there was the Keynesian Revolution in monetary theory.

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BY CONTRAST WITH THE ABUNDANCE of revolutions, counter-revolutions are hard to find in the development of economic thought. About the closest one can come, in the history of economic thought, to a counter-revolution is to interpret the development of the Austrian theory of value as a counter-revolution against the socialist, and especially the Marxist, tradition of economic theorising; and that aspect of the work of the Austrian school was a side-issue in the marginalist revolution. The Monetarist counter-revolution of contemporary times is probably the first significant counter-revolution in the development of our subject. In venturing this judgment, however, I should note that the disrepute into which the theories of imperfect and monopolistic competition have fallen, as theories of contemporary industrial competition, in the period since World War II could be described as the result of an intellectual counter-revolution, based on a combination of faith in the pre-existing theory of competition and devotion to empiricism. Similarly, if one is prepared to disregard the political labels that people choose to attach to themselves, the Left-wing student and faculty demand for a politically and socially relevant "radical" economics and their protest against emphasis on mathematical and econometric quantification can also be classed as "counter-revolutionary"—for it seeks to revert to the pre-marginalist concern with the economic system as a system of relationships among social classes.

The Vulnerability of Old Orthodoxy

AS I HAVE ALREADY MENTIONED, the chief problem in identifying revolutions and counter-revolutions and distinguishing them from slower and more comprehensible and rational processes of change in economic thought is to arrive at a judgment of the relative speed of change and the degree to which the speed is justifiable.

From this point of view, some of what I have just now described as "revolutions" were not really revolutionary—notably the Smithian and marginalist revolutions, the imperfect-monopolistic competition revolution, and the general equilibrium and empirical revolutions. The Smithian and marginalist revolutions spread relatively slowly, through the force of their scientific superiority and intellectual appeal and the process of natural wastage of their opponents. The imperfect-monopolistic competition was the end result of puzzling by many minds over a problem that Marshall had stated but been unable to solve satisfactorily—the existence of downward-sloping cost curves for individual firms. The general equilibrium revolution was a result of the delayed appreciation by economists of the need for a better command of mathematical techniques, the delay being occasioned by the long association of the subject with philosophy in the English academic tradition and its continuing association with law in the Continental tradition. And the empirical revolution depended on the development of the techniques of statistical inference. Most of the historically great economists were quantitatively oriented, or at least paid lip-service to the need for quantitative work, but lacked the requisite tools to carry out such work themselves. For real intellectual revolutions, we are left with three major examples: the Ricardian revolution, the reasons for whose *rapid propagation* were examined some twenty years ago by S. G. Checkland[1]; the Keynesian revolution; and the Monetarist counter-revolution. These last two are my real subject.

My concern, specifically, is with the reasons for the speed of propagation of the Monetarist counter-revolution. But I cannot approach this subject without reference to the reasons for the speed of propagation of the Keynesian revolution, since the two are interrelated. Indeed, I find it useful in posing and treating the problem to adopt the "as if" approach of positive economics, as expounded by the chief protagonist of the monetarist counter-revolution, Milton Friedman, and to ask some questions. Suppose I wished to start a counter-revolution against the Keynesian revolution in monetary theory, how would I go about it—and specifically, what could I learn about the technique from the revolution itself? To pose the question in this way is, of course, to fly in the face of currently accepted professional ethics, according to which *purely* scientific considerations and *not* political considerations are presumed to

[1] S. G. Checkland, "The Propagation of Ricardian Economics in England," *Economica*, New Series, Vol. 16, No. 61 (February 1949), pp. 40-52.

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motivate scientific work. But I can claim the protection of the "as if" methodology against any implication of a slur on individual character or a denigration of scientific work.

From this point of view, obviously, the first problem is to identify the elements in the situation at the time of John Maynard Keynes' *General Theory* (1936) that accounted for its rapid acceptance and propagation among professional economists. Such elements are of two types: one relating to the objective social situation in which the new theory was produced, the other relating to the scientific characteristics of the new theory itself.

As regards the objective social situation, by far the most helpful circumstance for the rapid propagation of a new and revolutionary theory is the existence of an established orthodoxy which is clearly inconsistent with the most salient facts of reality; and yet is sufficiently confident of its intellectual power to attempt to explain those facts; and in its efforts to do so exposes its incompetence in a ludicrous fashion.[2] Orthodoxy is, of course, always vulnerable to radical challenge. The essence of an orthodoxy of any kind is to reduce the subtle and sophisticated thoughts of great men to a set of simple principles and straightforward slogans that more mediocre brains can think they understand well enough to live by. But for that very reason orthodoxy is most vulnerable to challenge when its principles and slogans are demonstrably in conflict with the facts of everyday experience.

So it was in the 1930s, and particularly in the 1930s in Britain, which had already experienced a decade of mass unemployment associated with industrial senescence and an overvalued exchange rate, serious mass unemployment which the prevailing orthodoxy could neither explain nor cope with. This, it may be noted, was in large part the fault of the economists themselves. There existed already a body of monetary analysis that was quite capable of explaining both Britain's and the industrial world's unemployment problems as a consequence of monetary mismanagement. But, hypnotised by the notion that money is merely a veil cast over real phenomena—the so-called homogeneity postulate of contemporary monetary theory—the economists of the time attempted to explain what were essentially monetary phenomena by "real causes." Eminent British economists sought to explain mass unemployment as a consequence of the satiation of real human wants, a satiation that should have produced a general reduction in working hours. But, unfortunately and inexplicably, it operated instead differentially and reduced the working hours of a substantial part of the population to absolute zero.

Other economists viewed the depression as a punishment justly visited upon enterprises and individuals for past sins of speculation and erroneous micro-economic decision-taking. The concern for micro-economic explanations diverted attention from what the available micro-economic analysis could have said about the problem. It also led to the recommendation of *ad hoc* remedies such as "public works" that lacked any firm grounding in theory as generally understood.

The Principles of Liberation

In this situation of general confusion and obvious irrelevance of orthodox economics to real problems, the way was open for a new theory that offered a convincing explanation of the nature of the problem and a set of policy prescriptions based on that explanation. Such a theory, however, would have to possess certain characteristics if it were to win intellectual acceptance and political success. In particular, it would have to come "from within" yet offer liberation from the established orthodoxy. For one must remember that orthodoxy includes both an established conservative orthodoxy and an established self-termed "radical" orthodoxy. Since each recognises and accommodates the other's arguments there is no real hope of progress being achieved by a switch from one position to the other.

To be more specific, a revolutionary theory had to depend for its success on five main characteristics — here I must admit that I am conducting my analysis in the blinding light of hindsight.

First, it had to attack the central proposition of conservative orthodoxy — the assumed or inferred tendency of the economy to full

[2] "Monetary Theory and Monetary Policy," *Euromoney,* Vol. 2, No. 7 (December 1970), pp. 16-20.

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employment—with a new but academically acceptable analysis that reversed the proposition. This Keynes did with the help of Richard Kahn's concept of "the multiplier" and his own invention of "the propensity to consume."

Second, the theory had to appear to be new, yet absorb as much as possible of the valid, or at least not readily disputable, components of existing orthodox theory. In this process, it helps greatly to give old concepts new and confusing names, and to emphasise as "crucial" analytical steps that have previously been taken as platitudinous. Hence, in the *General Theory,* the marginal productivity of capital became the marginal efficiency of capital; the desired ratio of money to income, the *k* of the Cambridge tradition, became a minor constituent of the new theory of "liquidity preference"; and the *ex post* identity of savings and investment, which previous theorists including Keynes himself had rightly recognised as unhelpful to dynamic analysis, became the *sine qua non* of right reasoning.

Third, the new theory had to have the appropriate degree of difficulty to understand. This is a complex problem in the design of new theories. The new theory had to be so difficult to understand that senior academic colleagues would find it neither easy nor worth while to study. The result: they would waste their efforts on peripheral theoretical issues, and so offer themselves as easy marks for criticism and dismissal by their younger and hungrier colleagues. At the same time, the new theory had to appear both difficult enough to challenge the intellectual interest of younger colleagues and students, but actually easy enough for them to master adequately with a sufficient investment of intellectual endeavour. These objectives Keynes's *General Theory* managed to achieve. It neatly shelved the old and established scholars, like A. C. Pigou and Sir Dennis Robertson. It enabled the more enterprising middle- and lower-middle-aged like Alvin Hansen, Hicks and Joan Robinson to jump on and drive the bandwagon. And it permitted a whole generation of students (as Paul Samuelson has recorded) to escape from the slow and soul-destroying process of acquiring wisdom by osmosis from their elders and the literature into an intellectual realm in which youthful iconoclasm could quickly earn its just reward (in its own eyes at least) by the demolition of the intellectual pretensions of its academic seniors and predecessors. Economics, delightfully, could be reconstructed from scratch on the basis of a little Keynesian understanding and a lofty contempt for the existing literature. And so it was.

Fourth, the new theory had to offer to the more gifted and less opportunistic scholars a new methodology more appealing than those currently available. In this respect, Keynes was lucky both in having a receptive audience available, and in hitting somewhere conveniently between the old and the newly emerging styles of economic theorising. The prevailing methodological orthodoxy was that of Marshall—a partial-equilibrium approach set within a clear appreciation of the two complex problems of general equilibrium and of historical change, and hence both unsatisfactory at the simple level of partial equilibrium analysis taken by itself, and extremely difficult to apply skilfully in a broader analytical and social context. The new methodological challenge was coming from the explicitly mathematical general equilibrium approach of Hicks and Allen, an approach whose almost empty generality, empirically and historically, was of little general appeal. The *General Theory* found a middle ground in an aggregated general-equilibrium system which was not too difficult or complicated to work with—though it demanded a substantial step forward in mathematical competence — and which offered a high degree of apparent empirical relevance to those who took the trouble to understand it.

Finally, the *General Theory* offered an important empirical relationship for the emerging tribe of econometricians to measure—the "consumption function," a far more challenging relationship than the demand for sugar, a relationship for which the development of national income statistics provided the raw material needed for estimation, and which could be estimated with surprising success given the limitation of the available data to approximately a single business cycle.

IN MY JUDGMENT, THESE FACTORS accounted for the success of the Keynesian revolution. On the one hand: the existence of an important social and economic problem with which the prevailing orthodoxy was unable to cope.

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On the other hand: a variety of characteristics that appealed to the younger generation of that period—notably the claim of the new theory to superior social relevance and intellectual distinction, its incorporation in a novel and confusing fashion of the valid elements of traditional theory, the opportunity it offered to bypass the system of academic seniority by challenging senior colleagues with a new and self-announcedly superior scientific approach, the presentation of a new methodology that made general equilibrium theory both manageable and socially relevant, and the advancement of a new empirical relationship challenging for econometricians to estimate.

The Onset of a New Orthodoxy

THE VERY SUCCESS of the Keynesian revolution, however, ensured that it would in its turn become the established orthodoxy and as such be as vulnerable as the old to revolutionary attack—which would necessarily then have to be a counter-revolutionary attack. Keynes himself—as Leijonhufvud's monumental reinterpretation of his thought[3] has reminded us—had a seasoned and subtle mind, conscious both of the flow of economic history and of the role of theory as an adjunct to policy-making in a given set of historical circumstances. His followers — which means the professions at large — elaborated his history-bound analyses into a timeless and spaceless set of universal principles, sacrificing in the process much of his subtlety, and so established Keynesianism as an orthodoxy ripe for counter-attack.

There are several factors in this transmogrification worthy of note. The first, and probably most important, has been the conviction of Keynesians that the mass unemployment of the 1930s represents the normal state of capitalist society—more accurately, of capitalist society unaided by Keynesian management—and that unemployment is always the most urgent social problem. This view was elevated into a dogma in the United States under the leadership of Alvin Hansen, whose theory of secular stagnation was the subject of his Presidential Address to the American Economic Association.[4]

While that theory has been quietly forgotten, or frugally converted into a theory applicable to the underdeveloped countries, vestiges of it linger on in the thinking of American Keynesians. The view that unemployment is the overriding social problem also lingers on among British Keynesians such as Joan Robinson, Roy Harrod, and Thomas Balogh, though I should note that Nicholas Kaldor has for many years taken a much more optimistic view of the resilience of capitalism. The corollary of the Keynesian view of the primacy of the unemployment problem has been a pronounced tendency to play down the adverse economic consequences of inflation. It also tends to assume that if only the unemployment consequences of anti-inflationary policies were properly understood, society would cheerfully agree to adopt and implement an incomes policy instead.

A second factor in the transformation of Keynesianism into an orthodoxy has been that people who made their academic reputations and earned their present status on the basis of an early and enthusiastic conversion to Keynesianism in the late 1930s and early 1940s have continued to trade on their foresight, to the academic detriment of their juniors, who have never had the same chance to jump on to the front—and not the rear—of an academic bandwagon. This factor has been far more effective in paving the way for a Monetarist counter-revolution in the United States, where institutional competition prevents centralised control of professional advancement, than in the United Kingdom, where Oxbridge continues to dominate the academic scene.

A third factor has been that, while the Keynesian revolution in its time offered a tremendous liberation to the energies of young economists in the fields of pure theorising about concepts, the construction of macroeconomic general equilibrium models, and the estimation of econometric models of the economy, these activities have run into diminishing returns so rapidly that they have ceased to be appealing to young and ambitious economists.

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[3] Axel Leijonhufvud, *On Keynesian Economics and the Economics of Keynes* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1968).

[4] Alvin Hansen, "Economic Progress and Declining Population Growth," *The American Economic Review*, Vol. 29, No. 1 (March 1939), pp. 1-15.

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THE RESULT HAS BEEN that—beginning, perhaps, sometime in the mid-1950s—Keynesianism has become itself an established orthodoxy, ripe for attack in exactly the same way as what Keynes chose to call "classical economics" and ripe to leap to attack in the 1930s. It has had the same two vulnerable characteristics: *(1)* inability to prescribe for what has come to be considered a major social problem—inflation, in contrast to the unemployment of that time—and *(2)* a dependence on the authority and prestige of senior scholars which is oppressive to the young. Also, ironically enough in view of Keynes's own long concern with the influence of money on the economy, it has suffered from the same major defect as the orthodoxy Keynes attacked —the attempt to explain essentially monetary phenomena in terms of a mixture of *real* theory and *ad-hoc*-ery, and specifically to explain inflation in terms of real effective demand and the Phillips curve. The fact that Keynesian economics has stumbled into the same pitfall as the "classical" orthodoxy it succeeded is, perhaps, an indication of the difficulty of monetary theory as contrasted with value theory as well as of the perils of abandoning monetary theory in favour of what appears seductively to be more reasonable common sense.

The Strategy of Counter-Attack

IF, IN ACCORDANCE WITH the "as if" methodology of positive economics that I adopted earlier, one posed the question of how to mount a counter-revolution against Keynesian orthodoxy, and considered the question in the light of the factors that contributed to the success of the Keynesian revolution, one would, I think, be driven inescapably to two sets of conclusions.

The first would be the need to find an important social problem that the established orthodoxy is incapable of dealing with, even though it tries its best and claims to be successful. The second would be the need to develop a counter-revolutionary theory that had the requisite characteristics to be academically and professionally successful, in replacing the previous revolutionary theory.

The obvious answer to the first problem—finding an important social problem that orthodox theory cannot solve—is to concentrate on the issue of inflation, the issue with which Keynesian theory was least well designed to deal. The trouble with that answer has been that, under the influence of both experienced inflation and Keynesian theory, the public has for the most part not been much concerned about the economic evils of inflation, and so has not regarded inflation as an important test of the intellectual strength of Keynesian orthodoxy. This history of the Monetarist counter-revolution has in fact been characterised by a series of mostly vain efforts to convince the profession and the public *(a)* that inflation is an important question, *(b)* that Monetarism can provide an explanation and a policy whereas Keynesianism cannot.

Proposition *(b)* is eminently plausible; but it can only get a hearing if proposition *(a)* is accepted first; and, aside from a brief interlude in the late 1950s, the public has become convinced of proposition *(a)* only very recently. It is no accident that the appearance of Monetarism as a strong intellectual movement has had to wait until the aftermath of the escalation of the war in Viet Nam in 1965. It is even less of an accident that its current success has depended on a prior Keynesian claim to, and acceptance of, responsibility for efforts to stop inflation by Keynesian fiscal means under the auspices of the "New Economics." Monetarism has until the past few years been in the position of investing a great deal of intellectual ability in analysing problems and producing solutions that no one else has considered worth the effort involved. It has eventually become a public force less by its own efforts than as a consequence of the "New Economics" having overreached itself when it was riding high in the formation of national economic policy. The "New Economics" was favoured by the opportunity to sell Keynesian policies to meet a Keynesian problem. It encountered disaster when it tried to sell reverse Keynesian policies to meet a non-Keynesian problem. And the Monetarist counter-revolution has been cashing in on that mistake of intellectual strategy.

NEVERTHELESS, ON THIS SCORE of social relevance, the Monetarist counter-revolution has had certain factors working in its favour which have enabled it to survive and prosper

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despite the absence of an overwhelmingly obvious inadequacy of the established Keynesian orthodoxy, for most of the post-war period. One has been that, with the growing professionalisation of economics and the expansion of academic support of interest in it, it has become increasingly possible for an issue to be deemed scientifically interesting and worthy of investigation even if the general public displays no visible interest in it. Another has been the rise of the United States to the position of a world power, which has made the exploration of issues of no direct relevance to the economic interests of the United States nevertheless worth pursuing as potentially matters of the national interest in the world economy. Both the hyper-inflations in Europe and elsewhere that followed the two World Wars and the strong inflations that have characterised Latin American economic history have lent themselves to investigation with the aid of the quantity theory as matters of potential relevance to U.S. economic policy.

But, as I have already mentioned, while these foreign experiences have provided fodder for Monetarism—and in the course of time support for the contention that Monetarism rests on a far wider base of empirical investigation than Keynesianism—the real counter-revolutionary thrust of Monetarism has only developed since inflation became a major problem for the United States itself. Further, it is only since that event—which, given the world importance of the United States, has meant the emergence of inflation as a world-wide problem—that Monetarism has been taken seriously by academic and public opinion in other countries.

Does Money Matter?

PRACTICAL SOCIAL RELEVANCE APART, the question of success for a new theory, whether revolutionary or counter-revolutionary, depends on its fitting appropriately into the intellectual climate of its time. Here we may apply what I have already said about the reasons for the successful rapid propagation of the Keynesian revolution to the "as if" question of how to proceed to make a quantity-theory counter-revolution. There were, I trust the reader will recall, five elements in the success of the Keynesian revolution, and I shall take them in turn.

The first was a central attack, on theoretically persuasive grounds, on the central proposition of the orthodoxy of the time. In the case of the Keynesian revolution, that proposition was the automatic tendency of the economy to full employment. In the case of the counter-revolution, the obvious point of attack, in a world characterised by high employment and inflationary tendencies, was the vulgar Keynesian orthodox position that "*money does not matter.*" As James Tobin has pointed out, there is a world of difference between two alternatives to this proposition, namely, one, "*money does too matter*", and, two, "*money is all that matters.*" But this difference was easily and conveniently blurred, to the benefit of the counter-revolution, by seizing on the extreme Keynesian position that money does not matter at all, as the essence of the prevailing orthodoxy.

The second aspect of Keynesian success was the production of an apparently new theory that nevertheless absorbed all that was valid in the existing theory while so far as possible giving these valid concepts confusing new names. This was the technique followed—again I would emphasise the "as if" character of my interpretation—in Milton Friedman's classic restatement of the quantity theory of money.[5] The restated quantity theory is, as Patinkin has recently pointed out, essentially a generalisation of Keynes's theory of liquidity preference on the basis of a more sophisticated analysis of the nature of wealth and the relation of wealth to income. Novelty and the requisite intellectual confusion were provided by the substitution of the concept of "permanent income" for that of wealth, and the dragging across the trail of the red herring of human capital that was emerging from other work being conducted at the University of Chicago at that time. Nevertheless, the restatement of the quantity theory of money did include one important and genuinely novel element, drawn not from Keynes but from his predecessors in monetary theory, which was highly relevant to the problem of inflation

[5] Milton Friedman, "The Quantity Theory of Money—A Restatement," in M. Friedman (ed.), *Studies in the Quantity Theory of Money* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1956), Chapter 1, pp. 3-21.

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and which continues to distinguish quantity theorists from Keynesians. This consisted in its emphasis on the distinction in the manner of Irving Fisher between the real and the money rate of interest and on the expected rate of price inflation or deflation as determining the difference between the two.

For the reasons just given, the restatement of the quantity theory provided that the new theory met the third criterion for success, namely a degree of difficulty of understanding just sufficient to deter the old and to challenge and reward the young, and hence to re-open the avenues of professional opportunity for the ambitious.

THE FOURTH CRITERION FOR SUCCESS was a new and appealing methodology. Here the counter-revolutionary theory could appeal against the tendency of Keynesian economics to proliferate into larger and yet larger models of the economic system. It was a tendency which sacrificed theoretical insights to the cause of descriptive realism; it also had the incidental, but important, detractions of demanding large sums of scarce research money available only to senior economists and of turning young economists into intellectual mechanics whose function was to tighten one bolt only on a vast statistical assembly line, the end product of which would contain nothing that could be visibly identified as their own work. In place of this approach, the counter-revolution set up the methodology of positive economics. Its essence was not to pursue descriptive realism as represented by the largest possible system of general equilibrium equations, but to select the crucial relationships that permit one to predict something large from something small, regardless of the intervening chain of causation.

This methodology obviously offered liberation to the small-scale intellectual, since it freed his mind from dependence on the large-scale research team and the large and expensive computer programme.

THE FIFTH CRITERION FOR SUCCESS was the advancement of a new and important empirical relationship, suitable for determined estimation by the budding econometrician. That relationship was found in the demand function for money, the stability of which was claimed to be the essence of the traditional quantity theory of money. Presentation of the stable demand function for money as the essence of the quantity theory offered a close parallel to the Keynesian "consumption function" of the 1930s. It was a statistical relationship simple to understand theoretically and not too hard to estimate statistically, which promised nonetheless to contribute importantly to the resolution of central theoretical issues. Moreover, since intelligent and gifted young men and women will persevere until they succeed in finding statistical validation of an allegedly important theoretical relationship—and will then interpret their results as evidence in favour of the theory that originally suggested the relationship—their efforts will inevitably be extremely favourable to the theory in question. And so it has proved. A stable demand function for money is by no means inconsistent with the Keynesian macro-economic general equilibrium model; and indeed it is presumed to exist in the construction of the standard *IS-LM* diagram. But the empirical finding of the existence of such a function has been widely adduced in support of the quantity theory as against the rival Keynesian theory, a procedure justified only by the identification of the Keynesian orthodoxy with the proposition that money-does-not-matter and that velocity is either *highly* unstable or *infinitely* interest-elastic.

Lonely Lights & Secret Shrines

THE QUANTITY-THEORY counter-revolution could, therefore, make use of the same factors as facilitated the rapid propagation of Keynesian economics—the attack on a central and widely held theoretical proposition; the development of a new theory that absorbed and re-christened the best of the old; the formulation of that theory in terms that challenged the young and enabled them to leap-frog over the old; the presentation of a new methodology that made more immediate sense than the prevailing methodology, especially in terms of accessibility to the young and to those outside the established centres of academic excellence; and a new and presumptively crucial empirical relationship suitable for relatively small-scale econometric testing.

A counter-revolution, however, has to cope

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somehow with a problem that a revolution by definition can ignore—though it can trade on it in its propaganda—*i.e.*, the problem of establishing some sort of continuity with the orthodoxy of the past. Specifically, the monetarist counter-revolutionaries were burdened with the task of somehow escaping from the valid criticisms of the traditional quantity theory, which the Keynesian revolution had elevated into articles of dogma and self-justification.

These criticisms were, first, that the quantity theory had assumed an automatic tendency to full employment, which was manifestly in conflict with the facts of experience; and, second, that velocity was a highly unstable variable, useful if at all only for the *ex post* description of historical events.

The restatement of the quantity theory met these criticisms by two counter-contentions: that the question of whether the economy responds to monetary impulses by price-level or by output changes is an empirical question falling outside the domain of monetary theory properly defined, because the quantity theory is a theory of the demand for money and not a theory of aggregate response to monetary change; and that the essence of the quantity theory as a theory of the demand for money is not presumptive constancy of velocity but the stable functional dependence of velocity on a few major variables. The first counter-contention freed the quantity theory from the charge that it was too silly to be worth considering. It opened the way for fruitful scientific controversy and development in monetary theory—though, as I shall explain later, the abnegation of responsibility for explaining the division of the effects of monetary change between price and quantity movements has subsequently proved a serious short-coming of the counter-revolution, now that the counter-revolution has come to be taken seriously. The second counter-contention, involving emphasis on the existence of a stable demand function for money, permitted the absorption of the best of Keynesian ideas into the quantity theory cause, without any recognised need for acknowledgement of their source. The problem in the case of both counter-contentions was to establish a plausible linkage with pre-Keynesian orthodoxy.

THE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM was found along two lines. The first was the invention of a University of Chicago oral tradition that was alleged to have preserved understanding of the fundamental truth among a small band of the initiated through the dark years of the Keynesian despotism. The second was a careful combing of the *obiter dicta* of the great neo-classical quantity theorists for any bits of evidence that showed recognition (or could be interpreted to show recognition) of the fact that the decision to hold money involves a choice between holding money and holding wealth in other forms, and is conditioned by the rates of return available on other assets.

Don Patinkin has very recently—and overbelatedly, from the standpoint of the history of economic thought—exploded these efforts to provide bridges between the pre-Keynesian orthodoxy and the Monetarist counter-revolution.[6] He demonstrates conclusively that in their theorising the neo-classical theorists did assume a tendency to automatic full employment, and that in their analyses of practical policy problems they regarded the inherent instability of velocity as a major disturbing element and made no use whatever of the functional relationship between velocity and other aggregate variables implied by their own *obiter dicta*. And he shows specifically that the Chicago quantity theorists—H. C. Simons and L. W. Mints—were no different from their quantity theory colleagues elsewhere in these respects. There was no lonely light constantly burning in a secret shrine on the Midway, encouraging the faithful to assemble in waiting for the day when the truth could safely be revealed to the masses. That candle was made, and not merely lit, only when its light had a chance of penetrating far and wide and attracting new converts to the old-time religion.

NEVERTHELESS, ONE SHOULD NOT be too fastidious in condemnation of the techniques of scholarly chicanery used to promote a revolution or a counter-revolution in economic theory.

The Keynesian revolution derived a large part of its intellectual appeal from the deliberate caricaturing and denigration of honest and humble scholars, whose only real

[6] Don Patinkin, "The Chicago Tradition, the Monetary Theory, and Friedman," *Journal of Money, Credit and Banking*, Vol. 1, No. 1 (February 1969), pp. 46-70.

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crime was that they happened to exist and stand in the way of the success of the revolution. The counter-revolution had to endow these scholars, or at least their intellectual successors, with a wisdom vastly superior to what their opponents had credited them with. *Obiter dicta* and an oral tradition are at least semi-legitimate scholarly means to this polemical end. Moreover, as time has passed and the counter-revolution has acquired increasing academic respectability, it has become more possible to admit (and even to brag) that the useful ideas have been drawn from the revolution and not from the pre-existing orthodoxy.

Indeed, this is a necessary element in a successful counter-revolution. It is an element for which a previously successful revolution inevitably provides the foundations—because it ultimately becomes possible to draw an intellectually acceptable distinction between the sophisticated ideas of the revolutionary leader and the unsophisticated ideas of the revolutionary followers and executors. The former are absorbed into the counter-revolutionary ideology while the latter are discarded as beneath intellectual contempt. The service of drawing this distinction in intellectually acceptable terms has been performed for the Monetarist counter-revolution with great scholarly distinction by Axel Leijonhufvud's book on Keynesian economics and the economics of Keynes.

Defects of the New "New Economics"

I HAVE IN ALL THIS been concerned primarily with the intellectual and social factors that make it possible to launch a successful revolution or counter-revolution in economic theory. However, I would judge that the key determinant of success or failure lies, not in the academic sphere, but in the realm of policy. New ideas win a public and a professional hearing, not on their scientific merits, but on whether or not they promise a solution to important problems that the established orthodoxy has proved itself incapable of solving. Keynes, and many other economists in Britain and elsewhere, spent much time in the 1920s and 1930s advocating public works as a cure for unemployment—a cure that, because it conflicted with prevailing orthodoxy, was unacceptable. The *General Theory* was successful, precisely because, by providing an alternative theory to the prevailing orthodoxy, it rationalised a sensible policy that had hitherto been resisted on purely dogmatic grounds. Similarly, the Monetarist counter-revolution has ultimately been succcessful because it has encountered a policy problem —Inflation—for which the prevailing Keynesian orthodoxy has been able to prescribe only policies of proven or presumptive incompetence, in the form of incomes or guidelines policy, but for which it has both a theory and a policy solution.[7]

No particular point would be served, I feel, by recounting the stages of accomplishment in the Monetarist counter-revolution.[8] The advance from strength to strength is summarisable in a few key phrases: the restatement of the quantity theory, a statistical illusion in the judging of Keynesian models, velocity *versus* the multiplier in U.S. monetary history, monetarism *versus* fiscalism, and "the new New economics." The question of interest is whether the Monetarist counter-revolution will sweep the board and become the orthodoxy of the future, itself ripe for attack by a new revolution—or whether it will gradually peter out.

PERSONALLY, I EXPECT IT to peter out, for two reasons. The first, and most important, is that I believe the Keynesians are right in their view that inflation is a far less serious social problem than mass unemployment. Either we will vanquish inflation at relatively little cost, or we will get used to it. The odds at present are that we will accept it as a necessary price of solving other pressing domestic issues—this seems to be the current view of the present U.S. Administration. And in that case Monetarism will again be reduced to attempting to convince the public of the importance of the problem it is equipped to

[7] Milton Friedman, "A Theoretical Framework for Monetary Analysis," *The Journal of Political Economy*, Vol. 78, No. 2 (March-April 1970), pp. 193-238.

[8] See my article, "Recent Developments in Monetary Theory—A Commentary," in David R. Croome and Harry G. Johnson (eds.), *Money in Britain, 1959-1969* (London: Oxford University Press, 1970), Chapter III, pp. 83-114.

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solve before it can start arguing about the scientific superiority of its proposed solution to the problem. The second reason is that Monetarism is seriously inadequate as an approach to monetary theory, judged by prevailing standards of academic economics. In the course of repairing its intellectual fences and achieving full scientific respectability it will have to compromise irretrievably with its Keynesian opposition.

The most serious defects of the Monetarist counter-revolution from the academic point of view are, on the one hand, the abnegation of the restated quantity theory of money from the responsibility of providing a theory of the determination of prices and of output, and on the other hand, its continuing reliance on the methodology of positive economics. Abnegation of responsibility for analysing the supply response of the economy to monetary impulses, and particularly the disclaiming of the need for an analysis of whether monetary changes affected prices or quantities, was (as I have explained earlier) necessary to the restoration of the quantity theory to a position of academic respectability. But this need was transitory. Once the quantity theory regained academic respectability it was obliged to resume responsibility for the short-run forecasting of aggregate movements of prices and quantities.[8] This it has begun to do, most importantly through the research work of the Federal Reserve Bank of St Louis, and with appreciable success; but it has been lured into playing in a new ball-park, and playing according to a different set of rules than it initially established for itself.

Towards a Synthesis

IN SIMILAR FASHION, the methodology of positive economics was an ideal methodology for justifying work that produced surprising results without feeling obliged to explain just why they occurred, and in so doing mystifying and exciting the interest of non-committed economists and wavering Keynesians.

But the general equilibrium and empirical revolutions of the recent past have taught economists to ask for explicit specification of the full general equilibrium system with which the theorist or empiricist is working, and to distrust results that appear like rabbits out of a conjurer's hat—and an old-fashioned top hat at that. The demand for clarification of the mechanism by which results can be explained is contrary to the methodology of positive economics, with its reliance on the "as if" approach. But it will have to be answered satisfactorily if the Monetarist counter-revolution is to win general acceptance among the profession.

And the attempt to answer it will necessarily involve the counter-revolutionaries in the opposing methodology of general equilibrium systems and multi-equation econometric models. The quantity theorists have already begun to extend their efforts into simultaneous-equation formulations and estimations of economic relationships. In so doing, they have been making important methodological compromises with the Keynesian opposition—or, to put it another way, reaching out for a synthesis between the revolution and the counter-revolution.

IN SUMMARY, it seems to me that the Monetarist counter-revolution has served a useful scientific purpose, in challenging and disposing of a great deal of the intellectual nonsense that accumulates after a successful ideological revolution. But its own success is likely to be transitory, precisely because it has relied on the same mechanisms of intellectual conquest as the revolution itself, but has been forced by the nature of the case to choose a less important political issue—Inflation—to stand on than the Unemployment that provided the Keynesian revolution with its political talking point; it has also espoused a methodology that has put it in conflict with long-run trends in the development of the subject.

If we are lucky, we shall be forced as a result of the counter-revolution to be both more conscious of monetary influences on the economy and more careful in our assessment of their importance. If we are unlucky (those of us who are not good at jumping on band-wagons), we shall have to go through a post-counter-revolution, yet another Thermidor, as the price of further progress on the monetary side of our science.

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Tamie Watters

An Oxford Provocation & Caricature

Rhoda Broughton and Mark Pattison

TIME HAS SO OBSCURED and blurred the reputation of the Victorian novelist Rhoda Broughton that the resulting image bears little likeness to the person her contemporaries knew. Today her name may call to mind the widely popular *Not Wisely but Too Well* and *Cometh Up as a Flower*, with which she made her English debut in 1867; but few know that these romantic tales were superseded by witty and satiric novels, such as *Second Thoughts* (1880), *Mrs Bligh* (1892), *A Beginner* (1894), and *Dear Faustina* (1897), causing Andrew Lang and others to liken her to Jane Austen. Even fewer people know that Miss Broughton, a county-bred lady of an ancient house in the North Midlands, exercised more wit and originality in her person than in any one of her twenty-five novels. Gregarious and fiercely loyal as well, it is no wonder that she gathered about her a devoted circle of friends, many of them celebrated Victorians. Henry James, four years her junior, found vicarious strength in her gallant spirit, unbroken by the vicissitudes of age and ill-health, in his last years. In lamenting the setback given to civilisation by the outbreak of World War I, he addressed her, "You and I, the ornaments of our generation, should have been spared this. . . ."[1]

Regrettably, allusions to Rhoda Broughton in recent years have pertained almost wholly to her caricature of Mark Pattison as the niggardly, disagreeable pedant Dr Forth in her

[1] Letter from James to R.B., 10 August 1914, Delves-Broughton Collection, Cheshire Record Office.

IN OXFORD *in the early 1880s a clash occurred between two equally strong-minded personalities—Mark Pattison (1813-1884), Rector of Lincoln College, and Rhoda Broughton (1840-1920), the novelist, resulting in the latter's notorious caricature of the Rector in* Belinda *(1883). From a close investigation of the Pattison Papers (consisting of correspondence, diaries, and account books) in the Bodleian Library, a fascinating behind-the-scenes story emerges.*

Both parties were thorns in the side of a still heavily ecclesiastical Oxford. Pattison, a disciple of John Henry Newman and an ardent College Fellow in his youth, had become the champion of free inquiry and caustic critic of the College system, recommending in its place Faculties devoted to promoting intellectual culture and research. For one dedicated to the increase of knowledge, he published surprisingly little and only his Memoirs *is much read today.*

To conservative Oxford his ideas represented a danger to faith and the supremacy of the Colleges over the University, while Miss Broughton's novels with their exposé of feminine passion constituted a threat to undergraduate morality. Miss Broughton was no feminist, however; her country gentry upbringing at Broughton Hall in North Staffordshire had made her reluctant to commercialise her gift of story-telling. Upon the early death of her clergyman father, who left her an enviable knowledge of languages and literature but no means, she overcame her qualms and was aided in her efforts to publish by her uncle Sheridan Le Fanu, the Irish author of macabre tales, who serialised her first two novels in his Dublin University Magazine *and recommended her to Bentley, the publisher of much of her work.*

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eighth novel, *Belinda*. Not only have they called attention to one of her poorer works, they have also established her in the minds of many as a malicious woman ready to exploit a friend out of spite or need to turn a penny. One of Pattison's recent biographers has termed the caricature of the Rector of Lincoln College "cruel" and "ill reward" for the Pattisons' hospitality.[2] Another has intimated that the novelist drew upon a slight acquaintance for the details of her portrait. "The superficial picture is accurate enough; that no doubt, was how Pattison appeared to most people who met him but did not know him well."[3] Betty Askwith in her life of Lady Dilke, formerly Mrs Pattison, surmises that Rhoda Broughton could not possibly have had access to a first-hand account of the Pattison ménage and therefore drew upon "stories . . . floating round Oxford. . . ."[4] Such allegations ill accord with her friends' testimonies of her integrity or what James called her "probity." She certainly lived to regret her attack on the Rector, especially as he fell ill and died in the year following the publication of *Belinda;* yet, at the time of writing the book she felt moved by an extremity of "provocation."

No one has yet bothered to tell Rhoda Broughton's side of the story and what she deemed an extremity of provocation though the Pattison Papers in the Bodleian Library supply the necessary clues.[5] Even when the reader has the facts at hand, he may not be willing to excuse the novelist for publicly ridiculing a man with whom she had once been on friendly terms, but at least he will know how severely to judge her. The writer hopes to be relieved of the charge of redeeming Rhoda at the expense of the Rector. The indiscretions and odious personal traits of the man have already been exposed by his biographers Vivian Green and John Sparrow, and it is not difficult to show how these failings earned for him a deadly enemy where he once had a warm ally.

To go back to the year 1878, it is quite true that the Mark Pattisons befriended Rhoda Broughton at a time when she was being snubbed by a hostile Oxford.[6] They met on June 5th at a reception given in Christ Church by the Dean's wife, Mrs Liddell, just shortly after Rhoda and her sister Mrs Newcome, a widow with two sons, had settled in a house on Holywell Street. The novelist had already suffered what she termed "Oxford's amenities." Fearing that the author of amorous maidens and world-weary men would have a corrupting effect on undergraduates, various self-appointed moral guardians of the University launched a campaign to ostracise her from society. Even Lewis Carroll (that is, C. L. Dodgson, don of Mathematics at Christ Church), whom she greatly admired, so disapproved of her books that he declined to dine at a house where he knew her to be a guest. Under such circumstances, the Pattisons' friendship was indeed a boon to Rhoda Broughton; but it should not be forgotten that the Rector and his wife also had much to gain from this particular newcomer.

Matthew Arnold—whose suggestion it was that Rhoda settle in Oxford where she could find the happy combination of a cultured society and living within her means—recommended his friend to Pattison as a woman of rare accomplishment and wit. Though Arnold described the Rector as the "most *spirituel*" person in Oxford, he seemed the embodiment of the alienated scholar to most of his contemporaries, some of whom had identified him with Casaubon of George Eliot's *Middlemarch* (1872). Originally a graceless country boy from Yorkshire, he had grown churlish and cynical in the wake of disappointments and advancing years. Living mainly for research, he neglected both his teaching and his college duties, and evoked fear in undergraduates and fellows alike by his nasal snarls or, worse, his silences. Yet for an interesting woman he could put himself out to be charming and chivalrous. The fact that he recorded in his *Diary* five meetings with Miss Broughton within two weeks of his introduction to her at Christ Church suggests that he put himself out for her.

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[2] Vivian Green, *Oxford Common Room* (London 1957), pp. 214-216.

[3] John Sparrow, *Mark Pattison and the Idea of a University* (Cambridge, 1967), p. 8.

[4] *Lady Dilke* (London, 1969), p. 23.

[5] The helpful assistance of the Bodleian made this investigation possible.

[6] For an account of Rhoda Broughton's trials in Oxford, see Ethel Arnold, "Rhoda Broughton as I knew Her", *Fortnightly Review* (August 1920), pp. 262-278; Michael Sadleir, *Things Past*, (London, 1944), pp. 92-93; "Miss Broughton in Holywell Street, Oxford", *The World* (12 November 1884), p. 6.

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His pale blonde wife, who combated the sobriety and narrowness of Oxford society with a somewhat determined gaiety, welcomed a fresh, talented personality from the greater world outside. Like Rhoda she was a woman of intense feeling and intelligence, who liked people and good talk. Born in the same year as the novelist and twenty-seven years her husband's junior, she tried to give her life meaning and interest by an exhaustive study of French art. Her scholarly approach to art criticism had won her the position of art editor on the *Academy*, and she was then putting the finishing touches to her two-volume *The Renaissance of French Art* (1879), which Pater declared a work of judgment and learning. At Lincoln College the chaste elegance of the white enamelled drawing-room with its French décor reflected her taste.

IN THE EARLY AUTUMN Mrs Pattison left for the South of France where she habitually wintered for reasons of health. The Rector felt no wrench at her departure, for their marriage, never a love match, had broken down in the winter of 1875-1876 when she was forced to seek the drier climate of the Continent as a cure for crippling arthritis. In his lone state he derived some comfort from his young nieces, who took turns looking after him, and a glow of emotional satisfaction from the attention paid to him by various young women who looked to him for guidance in their studies. This particular autumn of 1878 found him seeking out Rhoda Broughton for an occasional walk in the University Parks or for a chat over tea. On 20 October he wrote in his *Diary*, "To tea with Rhoda, I sat with her 2 hours, she rational and interesting." In mid-November he discovered that her knowledge of German poetry was considerable, and consequently in the following months he had her read aloud to him from Kotzebue, Schiller, Goethe, and Heine. On New Year's Eve when they brought to an end their study of Schiller's *Das Ideal und das Leben*, he noted with satisfaction in his *Diary*, "She was greatly impressed by the piece & minutely looked into all the points in a way which both surprised and pleased me. I doubt if any other woman in Oxford would have done as much."

As the friendship continued to flourish, they formed the habit of meeting on the average of once a week for a walk or "read" when they both were in residence in Oxford. The frequency with which Rhoda is mentioned in the Rector's *Diary* between the years 1878 and 1880 would indicate that he prized her during that period above other women friends, even those of long standing, such as Mrs Humphry Ward or Eleanor Smith, the pioneer in higher education for women and sister of Henry Smith, the distinguished Professor of Geometry at Oxford.

Miss Broughton and Mrs Newcome naturally placed the Rector's name well toward the top of their list of guests when they "embraced the desperate resolution of giving a small evening party" in February 1880. Referring to the party, Rhoda wrote a friend, "Tho' we have certainly not been overdone with civilities here yet a few people have asked us & we want to make a full acknowledgement."[7] Pattison, to their surprise and dismay, tried to beg off coming. Unknown to them, the 67-year-old scholar had begun to fall under the spell of a woman forty years younger than himself. She was Meta Bradley, the niece of G. G. Bradley, Master of University College, Oxford. His desire to keep a rendezvous with Meta in London, where she lived, lay behind his effort to decline their invitation. According to his *Diary* Mrs Newcome remonstrated with him and a compromise was made. It appears that the party was postponed one day and that Pattison came, bringing with him his niece, Mary Stirke, and Meta Bradley! Though Meta was a bumptious, tactless girl who managed to offend most people, it is unlikely that her presence impaired the success of an evening presided over by two such skilled dispensers of hospitality. Having taken the social plunge, the sisters rapidly gained the reputation of providing a warm ambience at 27 Holywell, where "it snewed mete and drinke" and witty, informed talk abounded.

AS PATTISON GREW MORE AND MORE attached to Meta, his relations with Rhoda, as with other Oxford friends, began to deteriorate. The odd linkage of the two women's names in his *Diary* entries for the autumn 1879, the period

[7] R.B. to Miss Feilden, n.d. [1880], Princeton University Library AM14947.

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of his first acquaintance with Meta, seems ominous in light of what developed. On 25 October, a Saturday, he recorded, "This being first sunny day since I came back set off to walk up Shotover & Miss Broughton w. me"; and on the following day, "Meta Bradley came to tea." The next Saturday he entered in his *Diary*, "At 2 walk with Meta Bradley [;] at 4:30 Rhoda Br. came to read."

Approximately a year after their introduction, he committed himself wholly to Meta. ". . . the die is cast!" he wrote to her on 31 October 1880. "I have given myself away and am yours!" Over the summer they had confided in one another by letters (Pattison had told her of the "sunset sorrow" in his life, his "heavy cross", that is, what he had to put up with from his wife), and upon her invitation he visited her at Grasmere where she was on holiday. A letter to Meta recollecting the Grasmere days reveals what a key role this young woman played in their romance. ". . . how swiftly our acquaintance grew up! . . . . It was entirely your doing—you conquered me; I should never have dreamed of setting myself to acquire your friendship as an equal. I should have continued to regard myself as in the paternal relation in which I stood to Joan [Stirke, a niece] & others."

RHODA VIEWED the presumptuous young woman's sway over her good friend with some apprehension. She was not the only one. Most of Oxford became alarmed when Meta's visit to the Rectory at Lincoln College in November 1880 turned into a two-and-a-half-month encampment. Those who dined there, as Rhoda did, could not fail to notice the freedoms that Meta took with the Rector as she presided over his table and thrust his niece, Mary Stirke, also a member of the household, into the background. The Bradleys at University College began to cut Pattison socially and refused to allow their unmarried daughters to call upon their cousin at Lincoln. Undaunted, Meta boasted to Pattison of how her married cousin Margaret Woods, abroad during the fateful months, would champion their cause upon her return; however, when the petite but formidable Mrs Woods, friend and next door neighbour of Rhoda's, appeared on the scene she quite cowed the Rector with her coldness.

In the forthright way that she had with her friends, Rhoda chided Pattison for allowing the obstreperous Meta to monopolise him. Little did she know that she was treading upon dangerous ground and threatening the plan dearest to his heart—to dupe Oxford into the belief that his relationship with Meta was purely paternal and that she had become the mainstay of his declining years. "I am always contriving how you & I are to get abroad together—and alone," he wrote to Meta on 4 February 1881. "I believe it could be done, & with Mrs Grundy's full consent, if we assumed the right attitude towards each other —you the indispensable daughter, & staff of my old age! That view once accepted we may do what we like—". A reading of their correspondence dispels any attempt to interpret their relationship as a Platonic one. When Pattison's departure to Paris at the beginning of January 1881 broke up the cosy ménage at Lincoln, Meta wrote him the following day from University College where she was visiting her relatives, "How did you sleep? I got on pretty well tho I am sure Mabel [Bradley] must have heard me often murmur sweet nothings during my dreams of you!" Pattison, who declared himself no Puritan in sexual matters, found the Rectory intolerably lonely upon his return from France. "Dear God! I must have you back again! Seeing does not satisfy me, I must have my arms tightly round that dear waist, with infinite possibilities of kissing. . . ."

Since the Rector had sympathetic nieces at hand, as well as a bevy of young female disciples, ready to minister to his needs, his public pleas that he could not carry on without Meta rang rather hollow. He confided to Meta on February 10th, "I try to prepare people for your reappearance, by going about saying I can't get on at all without you. The snigglers don't respond at all—notably Rhoda, who evidently dislikes you, but would tolerate either Mary or Gertrude [his nieces]." Within the week an anonymous letter, containing excerpts from their correspondence as evidence, exposed the passionate nature of their relationship and blasted any immediate hopes that Pattison had of establishing Meta in the Rectory. Already smouldering with resentment against Rhoda because of her attitude towards Meta, Pattison leapt to the conclusion that his companion of so many quiet afternoons had taken this monstrous means of killing his happiness.

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RHODA ONCE TOLD Pattison that he cared only for people who buttered him and she was quite right. It never occurred to him that she was genuinely concerned lest he commit himself to folly. Whatever might be the nature of Meta's emotional attachment to him, she was plainly an indiscreet young woman bent upon giving herself importance by commandeering the affections of an eminent man. Her inquiries about his correspondence and associations with celebrated names indicated an unhealthy preoccupation with his station in the world. She had her eye on posterity, too, for she carefully preserved their correspondence and looked forward to its eventual publication with notes.[8] Mrs Pattison may have been justified in suspecting that Meta herself wrote the anonymous letter in her desire to "*accaper* exclusively and to be *known* to do so." In any case, time proved that Meta's intrusion into the Rector's life brought more strain than happiness, and finally he found her such an embarrassment to him that he would not meet her in public. In a letter of 26 September, 1883, he reproved her, "I see it is impossible for you to check that leer which comes into your face as soon as you catch sight of me—One glance at you, in that moment, would be enough to confirm any woman in the belief of the worst that is said of you."

In 1881, however, he was her champion, and poured out accounts to her of his skirmishes with Rhoda. On 24 February he informed her, "Rhoda and Mrs N[ewcome]. vented their intense hate for you about which there could be no mistake. . . . I had to let you drop out quietly—any attempt to defend you would have fed the flame of their bitter rage. The letter was the result of my impudence in introducing your name." Three days later he described another meeting with Rhoda, whose good intention to bridge the growing coldness between them he wholly misinterpreted.

> Miss Broughton came here to day bringing a note from Mrs Newcome inviting me to dine with them on Saturday. I refused, but not in a pointed way, just as I might have done in old time, pleading ill health, work to do, etc. She behaved over it as naturally and pleasantly as possible—jested about seeing you with me at Burlington House—said she meant to punish me for not coming to dine by talking of me, etc. I was all the time turning in my mind whether I should hint at the letter on us, & before I could make up my mind she was gone, and no break in our old cordiality is yet made. I was at first inclined to blame myself for not having made some allusion—but now I think it as well that she should now go on some time without suspecting that I know, as she is more likely to betray herself than if put on her guard from the first. She certainly acted innocence most admirably! and is as good an actress as she is a writer—for acting it undoubtedly was. The only thing I could have done better on my part was that I should have refused her invitation with bland coldness, & not alleged excuses. She'll now go back to her sister, & chuckle over my unsuspecting simplicity.

And so the Rector nursed his delusions. Having decided Rhoda to be guilty of composing the mischief-making letter, he whispered his conclusion to friends. The word spread and priggish Oxford felt its original ill opinion of Miss Broughton justified. When Mrs Pattison in Draguignan, France, learned of the anonymous letter and the Rector's suspicions, she rushed to the defence of Rhoda and her sister. Writing to Eleanor Smith, she declared,

> It is perfectly monstrous to suppose either of those two women Mrs Newcome or Miss Broughton capable of such a villainous act. I must say of Miss Bn that I know of no *woman* who has a higher sense of honour. . . . I really feel *angry* at its having been suppd that Miss Broughton wld have had anything to do with such a disgusting act. There is no one in Oxfd less capable, no one I *know* less capable. . . . I don't see how either she or her sister can enter L[incoln]. C[ollege]. again until an apology has been made to them.

Meanwhile Rhoda suffered not only the withdrawal of the Rector's friendship, but also a renewal of slights from the good women of Oxford. She finally learned from Miss Laffan, a young protégée of Pattison's, of the ignominious role into which she had been cast. From the Rector's *Diary* for 11 March 1881 comes the following account:

> . . . walk w. Miss Laffan . . . I sent her to Miss Broughton with commission to see by mention of the name what the animus of the house towards M. was, what did the blundering thing do, but tell Miss B. that I suspected her of having written the anonymous letter, & naively asked "if she had!" So bad is made worse—

[8] See Meta's letter, 12 May 1882: "I was looking over some of y. letters the other day. They & my own are so very interesting that I think I had better prepare them for the press with notes to be published when I am dead!" *Pattison Papers* 122. Meta is rightly credited with urging Pattison to write his memoirs, but she also expected recognition for doing so.

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never employ an Irishwoman in a diplomatic mission.

Rhoda naturally seethed with indignation. She never forgave Mark Pattison for having condemned her unheard and for having sent a girl to spy on her.

IT MAY HAVE BEEN Rhoda's vehement reaction that convinced Pattison of her innocence in the matter. In any case his correspondence with Meta indicates communications occurred, and he turned his search for the culprit to London. Meta later expressed regret for the injury inflicted on Rhoda by the false accusation. On 13 April, 1881, she wrote to Pattison of having been to lunch with Mrs Arnold Toynbee, who told her "that you & Miss Broughton had quarrelled about some letter & weren't on speaking terms! I really am sorry, tho you and not I are to blame about that. I hope she'll forgive you before long—she naturally is indignant. It wd be a pity that y. friendship sd end in that way. I hope you are nice to her about it. Most people wd be hurt at being suspected of a mean action like that by a *friend*—Tho they might not mind outsiders misunderstanding them." Pattison appears not to have made any overtures of peace to Rhoda or been "nice" about it! In his confidences to Meta, his only expression of remorse for his action relates not to Rhoda, but to what Meta's cousin Daisy (Mrs Woods) would think of him when she discovered "it was not through you and her mother but through me that the suspicion as to the authorship of the anonymous letter got abroad."

No one could understand Rhoda's hurt and exasperation with the Rector better than Francis Pattison. With the years she had become better able to cope with her husband's ungenerous nature, but she confessed to a friend that his pettiness and tendency to place an evil construction on the most innocent behaviour had provoked a passionate resentment in her and "poisoned so many years of my young life & drove me to desperation and the verge of utmost folly." Her husband was at this very period placing her in an invidious position as he plotted to put his relationship with Meta on firmer footing. Seeking to appear neglected in his old age, he tried to cast his wife adrift, urging her to stay abroad in the summer months and offering her £50 to do so. With the hope of forestalling her return to England, he wrote her that she could expect no accommodation at Lincoln as he was shutting up the Rectory for the summer and renting "fishing quarters" in Yorkshire. Meanwhile he confided to Meta, "...I am trying to get a house in Yorkshire, on purpose, to have you!"

He also did his utmost to convince Eleanor Smith of the necessity of his having Meta's assistance in his work, so that she in turn would put pressure on his wife to sanction the young woman's presence at Lincoln. When Miss Smith took up his cause, Mrs Pattison sensibly pointed out that though she had no wish to obstruct her husband's happiness, she could not very well aid and abet a relationship which neither the Oxford Bradleys nor the girl's father, a clergyman, would approve. She had come upon two of Meta's revealing letters the previous summer in the course of her usual practice of opening the Rector's mail in his absence; thus she knew that the girl's feelings for her husband were far from filial or platonic.

A BOND OF SYMPATHETIC UNDERSTANDING inevitably grew up between Rhoda Broughton and Francis Pattison as they both fell victim to the plots of the infatuated Rector. The incident of the anonymous letter may well have broken down the barriers of reticence between them. In any case, Rhoda, emerging bruised and sadly wiser from her encounter with ruthlessness and duplicity in such an unexpected quarter, looked with new eyes upon Mrs Pattison.

To her it seemed a mockery that a man like Pattison, who fell so far short of the standards of decent human behaviour, should be regarded as a luminary at England's most distinguished university. She herself had a great capacity for friendship and placed greater value on the integrity of her human relationships than on her output of books. In describing Rhoda's loyalty, Mary Cholmondeley wrote, "She would have rent the skin from her own body if she could have succoured one of those she loved." Works of art or research did not seem to her adequate recompense for a selfish, mean life. In any case, could Pattison be said to have produced much—a life of Isaac Casaubon, a life of Milton, an edition of

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Milton's sonnets and one of Pope's *Essay on Man,* a few essays? His adversary Benjamin Jowett, whom he contemptuously termed a "schoolmaster", had perhaps more lasting scholarship to his name than Pattison himself; furthermore, the pink-cheeked Master of Balliol by his selfless devotion to his college and undergraduates put the Rector, who ignored his duties, to shame. In Rhoda's view Pattison was fair game, and thus she took up her pen with a vengeance. If she hit below the belt in drawing upon unfortunate personal characteristics, so had the 18th-century satirists whom she so admired.

THE PROFESSOR FORTH of her novel *Belinda* is, of course, not an attempt at an exact likeness of Pattison but a caricature.

Forth is utterly without heart or humour. When Belinda, believing herself to have been jilted by the young man she loves, seeks solace in learning, the Professor assures her in Pattisonian terms, "that the pursuit of knowledge is the only one that really and abundantly rewards the labour bestowed upon it." Seeing that they can be useful to one another, Belinda and the clerical-pedant more than twice her years contract a *mariage de raison:* she will be secretary and nursemaid to him and he will provide her with a home and life of rich intellectual stimulus. Belinda acts as much out of perversity as illusion, for earlier she had remonstrated with her sister Sarah for betrothing herself to this same Forth, a slovenly, bespectacled scholar, who slouched along on great flat feet and mooned absently with his hands clasped behind his back. Sarah admitted that competitive instincts motivated her attachment to the Oxbridge Professor of Etruscan:

> "You may not think much of him," she told Belinda, "but I can assure you that he is considered a great luminary at Oxbridge. At the house where I met him they could not make enough of him. . . . You should have seen how they all sat at his feet—such feet!—and hung on his words. There was one girl—she was at Girton—who waited on him hand and foot; she always warmed his great coat for him, and helped him on with his galoshes!"

Fittingly, Belinda and her Januarie are married in the winter of the year and spend a bleak honeymoon in lodgings at Folkestone. In his passion for economy the Professor keeps a small fire and proceeds in hypochondriac fear of catching cold to hug its meagre flames, while his bride freezes. He distresses her further by his paranoiac concern that the servants are pilfering their food stores and by his insistence on high tea unaccompanied by change of dress. After a few days of such wedded bliss, Belinda muses,

> It is surprising how much less of his conversation has turned during the last three days upon the problems of the mind and the sayings of the mighty dead, than upon the price of coals and the wickedness of lodging-house servants.

Disenchanted, she asks herself,

> "Is *this* the man whose *mind* I have married? Is this the man who is to teach me to live by the intellect? Is this the scholar and the sage, whose teaching was to lift me out of the circle of my narrow interests into the sphere of the Universal? . . . *this,* whose whole soul is occupied by mean parsimonies and economies of cheese-rinds and candle-ends?"

In the course of this three-volumed novel, which is essentially a love story, the reader sympathises with Belinda over her loveless marriage that keeps her from her young man, who reappears and declares his undying love for her. Her health eventually breaks down under emotional strain and from overwork for her taskmaster husband, who lives for his obscure and meaningless research. The author wryly comments, "She had wished to die, and he, since she has turned out so unhealthy, would not be sorry to be rid of her. And so she lives; lives to put him to the expense of a migration to the English Lakes. He seems unable to shake off the idea that she has done it on purpose." Ironically, it is Forth who dies. In the final scene of the novel Belinda discovers him stretched lifeless over his beloved books. The reunion of hero and heroine can now take place, but the author directs her attention to Forth in the concluding sentence, "...he has for ever vindicated his character from the imputation of being a *malade imaginaire.*" (And just so did Pattison who died of cancer in the year following the novel's publication.)

THOUGH *Belinda* marked a backsliding for Rhoda Broughton in terms of her development as a novelist,[9] it had favourable

[9] The book is spoiled by its preoccupation with mean detail in the caricature and the satire quite over-rides the love story of vapid Belinda and her shadowy lover; nevertheless, *Belinda* is cleverly comic in patches and catches the charm of pastoral Oxford in its "Addison's Walk" and river scenes.

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reviews and won a large audience. In Oxford readers gasped as they recognised Lincoln's Rector in Professor Forth. Many suspected that George Eliot had drawn upon her knowledge of the Pattisons for the ill-matched Casaubons in *Middlemarch*, but with *Belinda* the likeness between the mouldy old pedant and Pattison was unmistakable.

As for the unaccomplished Belinda she resembled Mrs Pattison only in terms of her circumstances. It was common knowledge that Francis Pattison's breakdown in 1867 could be attributed in part to overwork on her husband's research and that the Rector, who recorded in his accounts the shilling spent for a toothbrush or cab fare, resented the expenses entailed by her illness. When she was finally forced to winter abroad he plagued her with cries that the extra expense would keep him from buying books. She in turn provided him with detailed accounts, including the cost of her ribbons, to show him that she was trying to cut her costs to the bone, and assured him that she was "thinking of whether you have all that you can desire for your comfort, & how you may if possible be set free to buy your books as of old. I do think you will find that the expenses are not *so much increased* by my illness as you suppose. . . ."[10] Another similarity in circumstance between Francis Pattison and Belinda is that the former also harboured tender feelings for a younger man (Sir Charles Dilke, who became her second husband). Whether Rhoda knew of this attachment can only be conjectured. In any case, the author's friendship with Mrs Pattison survived the novel; in fact she was a guest of the widowed Mrs Pattison at The Lodge in Headington within months following the Rector's death, and in later years she was addressed by Lady Dilke as "Dearest Rhoda."

Minor details in Rhoda's portrait of Forth caught Pattison to the life. One evening Meta Bradley, being unable to sleep, picked up a copy of *Belinda* and began to read. The next day she wrote Pattison,

> I feel convinced that she got the galosh putting on and coat warming business fr me! tho how cd she know that I did it?! I see traces of you in the Professor. Did she ever catch you asleep? Y nose certainly does then look long tho I don't seem to remember that you stick out y under lip!

Meta was alluding to a particularly horrid sketch of Forth asleep in his chair, "always a trying position to anyone beyond rosy childhood; the veins of his forehead have started forward, the blood has run into his long nose and his underlip protrudes." To a less knowing eye than Meta's, Forth betrayed his likeness to Pattison in a myriad of ways: the slouch, the harsh nasal voice and relentless precision of speech, the mania for high tea and early hours, the fear of draughts and dislike of cut flowers.

AS IS WELL KNOWN, Mark Pattison recognised himself in the Oxbridge Professor of Etruscan as his niece began to read him *Belinda* in the early spring of 1883. Calling at 27 Holywell on 30 April, he announced himself as Professor Forth and felt some satisfaction at confronting a spluttering Rhoda—"I didn't mean it, but. . . ." Masochistically, he continued his reading of the novel.

RHODA BROUGHTON'S growing popularity in Oxford, surprisingly enough, suffered little diminishment upon the publication of *Belinda*. Benjamin Jowett, then Vice-Chancellor, did feel compelled to drop her from his guest list at Balliol. He is supposed to have said, "It is not the book itself which I condemn, but I regard it as an attack upon the order of Heads of Houses to which I belong, and out of loyalty to my colleagues I feel compelled to make the only protest open to me." His celebrated week-end guests, however, usually did not feel their visit to Oxford complete unless they slipped away from the Master's Lodgings to call at Holywell for an amusing hour with Rhoda.

When Matthew Arnold recommended to Rhoda Broughton the advantages of settling in Oxford, he added that she by "bringing . . . something of the larger atmosphere of London . . . could help clear the slightly stagnant air of an ancient university town." Many within and without Oxford felt she was doing just that. When the new Ambassadress to Vienna, Lady Violet Paget, visited Oxford in 1884, she recorded these impressions:

[10] See letter to Mark Pattison, 21 January 1876, in "Letters of Special Interests", Pattison Papers 60.

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> I was much interested in this new glimpse of, to me, a quite novel society. I found a great deal to admire in the deep fund of knowledge and research thus disclosed. I also found the extreme stiffness and narrowness in outward things irksome, as well as the want of facility, grace, and elevation in the forms of daily life. A sort of primness and consciousness of being on their best behaviour appeared a leading characteristic. One or two of the men and Miss Rhoda Broughton, the novelist, are, however, the exceptions to this rule.
>
> Miss Broughton is as brusque and direct as her most tousled heroines. Her clothes are not, however, like those of her young ladies, always too short and out at the elbows. She has a good figure and is well, even richly dressed. . . . Her room was filled with dogs, birds, and flowers, and were [*sic*] much more human than any of the other rooms I went into in Oxford.[11]

With the exception of Jowett's gesture, no forces gathered within the University to rebuke Rhoda for attacking one of its eminent men. In her memoir of Rhoda Broughton, Ethel Arnold, Matthew's niece, remarked on the change in public opinion toward the novelist in the years 1883-1884.

> It was indeed in those days that the Oxford tide began to turn, and certain shining lights in the Academic Holy of Holies to realise that a light, even more shining than themselves, had shone in their midst for many years, its light either derided or ignored. The "whirligig of time" has a way of bringing its revenge, and Rhoda Broughton supped full of hers before the end.

Sympathy for the Rector had waned because of his behaviour over Meta. Thus Rhoda Broughton's attack upon him came at a time when he had few champions. Secretly many probably relished seeing him put down by a tongue more caustic and clever than his own. To some, the novelist even seemed forbearing in her caricature. After all she had declined to expose him where he was most vulnerable. No one would suspect the bookish Forth of carrying on a clandestine love affair with a woman forty years his junior.

It would appear that the only place where Rhoda Broughton actually suffered for her attack on Pattison was in her own conscience. Mudie's Circulating Library, after having ordered only a few copies of the book, requested fifty additional ones to meet the demand of its readers; and the reviews, wrote Rhoda to her publisher Bentley, had "been civiller to *Belinda* than to any book of mine."[12] The poet Frederick Locker wrote to thank her "for the great pleasure *Belinda* has given me. . . . I think your story has all the requisites that go to make a good novel." Her success rang hollow, however. Quick to regret the pain she inflicted on others by her caustic wit, she had in this case to acknowledge that her victim was already a stricken man. Cancer forced Pattison to take to his bed in the autumn of 1883, and not even his beloved books with which he surrounded himself could relieve the agonising pain or hold off the horrible death that took him in the following summer.

Chastened and purged of her venom, Rhoda Broughton lived amicably with her Oxford neighbours until 1890 when she moved to Richmond. Her next novel *Doctor Cupid* (1886) reflected a benign mood and a great tolerance and compassion for human failings.

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[11] Walburga [Lady Paget], *Embassies of Other Days*, vol. II, p. 377.

[12] Letter to George Bentley, 16 January [1884], Bentley Papers, University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois.

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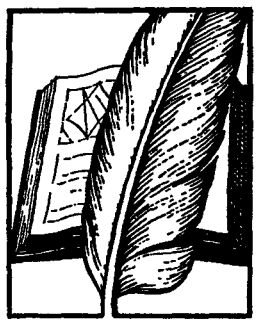

Column

THROUGHOUT THE YEARS which have passed since Mr Macmillan became an advocate of British entry into the Common Market, it would probably have been true to say that the subject has failed to inspire the slightest interest in the British people, or at least the overwhelming majority of them. Its advantages have been temptingly dangled before them, its possible dangers menacingly displayed, the European Community itself painted in colours which made it look alternately like a vision of Heaven or of Hell. To all such appeals, whether to self-interest, emotion, idealism, or cupidity, the British public has remained obstinately unresponsive and has reserved its interest exclusively for matters which seemed to affect its immediate domestic affairs.

It has been a curious and remarkable state of affairs. For after all, as Mr Richard Crossman has recently had occasion to remind us in the *New Statesman,* Britain's application to join the European Economic Community raises the most important issue which the British people have had to decide in the present century. Professor Kaldor has compared it with the equally vital choice which had to be made in the last century between cheap food and agricultural protection; but in recent years there has been nothing comparable with that unparalleled process of public discussion, intellectual enquiry, propaganda and self-examination which prepared Britain for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and which determined its future for the next hundred years. Perhaps it is also relevant that Peel, who was responsible for carrying through that great measure, was also responsible as a result for wrecking his own party.

The lack of public discussion of, and interest in, Britain's application to join the Market was of course largely due to the fact that, so far as Britain was concerned, the choice had already been made. All that was in question was the attitude of the Six. Both the Conservative and the Labour Parties, when in power, had committed themselves to taking Britain into the Market if that could be achieved on anything like tolerable terms; if Mr Wilson, and not Mr Heath, had won the last election, it would be a Labour minister (which?) who would today be negotiating in Brussels instead of Mr Rippon. As for the Liberal Party, it had distinguished itself throughout the years both by the fervour and the consistency with which it advocated entry into the Market, and on this issue it has a record which, for frankness and honesty, neither of the other two parties can rival.

Thus, given the agreement which apparently subsisted between all three political parties, and given also the enormous complexity of the detailed problems involved, it was perhaps understandable that the British people should have felt it had no choice except to follow, however sluggishly, the only lead which it had been given. There might indeed have been a groundswell of discontent, and the *Daily Express* might do its best to represent this as a mighty storm of popular protest. But it never seemed likely that the British people would abandon all its established political leaders to follow an opposition made up of so bizarre and heterogeneous a collection of individuals as Mr Enoch Powell, Mr Douglas Jay, Sir Derek Walker-Smith, Mr Michael Foot, Sir Arthur Bryant, Lord Shinwell and John Gollan: *i.e.* from the Ultra-Right to the Communist Left. It was all the less likely because there was not the slightest possibility that so unnatural a coalition could ever agree on any practicable alternative to entering the Market, except the totally negative one of going it alone.

IN MAKING SO MODEST an estimate of the part it could, or should, play in deciding its own future, the British people may have shown even more than its usual measure of good sense and realism. In *The Guardian* recently, its political correspondent, Mr Peter Jenkins, has cited an admirably apt quotation from Tocqueville on democracy and foreign affairs.

> Foreign politics demand scarcely any of those qualities which a democracy possesses; and they require, on the contrary, the perfect use of all those qualities in which it is deficient.

For democracy is "unable to regulate the detail of an important undertaking, to persevere in a design or to work out its execution in the presence of serious obstacles. It cannot combine its measures with secrecy and will not await their consequence with patience. . . ." If one were to judge by the self-denying ordinance, amounting to almost total indifference, which the British electorate has until recently adopted so far as

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the Market is concerned, one might almost think that every British working man was an earnest student of the great French sociologist and had taken his warnings almost too much to heart.

For such an attitude has its own dangers. So long as the parties maintained, as far as the Market is concerned, their political truce, and so long as none of them saw any political advantage to be gained, or political disadvantage to be avoided, by breaking it, there was the hope that whatever choice Britain finally made, it would not be determined by the purely short-term and strictly limited practical considerations which normally affect political decisions in our domestic affairs. In such matters, after all, we have Mr Harold Wilson's assurance (and who should know better?) that a "week is a long time." But the decision regarding the Market will last not for a week, but a century.

THERE ARE SIGNS that the strain of thinking in such terms is already becoming too great for him and for some of his colleagues, including Mr Crossman and Mr Callaghan. Mr Crossman's solemn insistence, in the *New Statesman*, on the great issues in the question of joining the Market was not meant to show that, in deciding to apply for membership, the Labour Cabinet of which he was a member had risen to the occasion and committed itself to a considered judgment on where, over the decades to come, the balance of advantage for Britain would lie. It was intended rather to reassure us that, confronted by such an awesome prospect, the Cabinet had managed to avoid taking any serious decision whatever. Its application for membership was a purely exploratory manoeuvre, involving no commitment whatsoever, designed merely to discover what the Six had to offer; a kind of deep-sea fishing expedition on which they were free to throw the catch back if they did not like the look of it.

If this in fact were so, then I believe one could say with some confidence that it is not what anyone else, and certainly not the Parliamentary Labour Party, thought that the Labour Government was doing. Indeed, it seems to have required a careful and industrious search of the relevant Cabinet papers to convince even Mr Crossman that this was what he himself thought he was doing at the moment when, as a member of the Labour Cabinet, he assumed responsibility for its decision.

There is something irresistibly comic in the spectacle of an ex-Cabinet Minister feverishly searching Cabinet papers to discover what, on the greatest issue facing Britain for a century, he thought or said or did. Perhaps no one will be surprised that he should discover that he—or the Cabinet—thought and said and did nothing of any importance whatsoever on this greatest of great issues. For not only did the Cabinet's decision not imply, it seems, any judgment whatever on the merits or demerits of entering the Market; it did not even imply any judgment on the conditions under which it might be advantageous to us. So much so, indeed, that Mr Crossman is now busying himself drawing up his own list of conditions which will represent what he describes as the "sticking point" beyond which we cannot proceed in our negotiations with the Six. Perhaps his ex-colleagues in the Cabinet, including Mr Wilson, are all equally engaged, in a similar task of heart-mind-and-memory searching. It will surprise no one by now, I think, if the various "sticking points" they and Mr Crossman arrive at prove to be of a kind which under no conditions whatever could be, or ever could have been, acceptable to the Six. But if in fact these were the kind of terms which they had in mind when they decided to apply for membership of the European community, then their decision must surely be characterised as one of the most frivolous ever taken on a matter of vital importance. Perhaps this is what M. Pompidou meant when he said that what had been most evident so far in our negotiations with the Six was our British sense of humour.

MR CROSSMAN'S ACCOUNT of Cabinet government almost convinces one that politics are far too serious a matter to be left to politicians, especially since he is not alone among his colleagues in disclaiming any commitment to the principles embodied in the Treaty of Rome. It is true that he has a start on them; but there is every sign that at least Mr Wilson and Mr Callaghan will make every effort to overtake him. As for Mr Heath, though he has certainly made his commitment known, both in word and in action, will he, when the crunch finally comes, wish to emulate the career of Peel and carry Britain into Europe even though it may be at the cost of sacrificing his party?

The truth is that at this moment the Labour and the Conservative parties, so remarkably in agreement when the hour of decision was still

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in the future, show every sign of reverting to party politics as it comes nearer. There is the real danger that when a decision can finally no longer be avoided, it will be made, not on the merits of case, but on purely party calculations together with meticulous, and mutually contradictory, calculations of the immediate economic losses and gains which either party professes to read into the terms which finally emerge from the negotiations proceeding at present in Brussels. It is possible that a project which, in its beginnings, had something of the nature of a Crusade will end in a peculiarly sordid and distasteful Dutch auction, which can have no other result but to convince the British people finally that the question of joining the Market is something which they neither understand nor have any interest in. Indeed, the terms of such a bargain will present so complicated and finely-drawn a network of economic, financial, and commercial calculations that it would be totally unrealistic to expect the British electorate to pass any kind of verdict on it. It would be even more unrealistic to suppose that it could be submitted to their judgment in the form of a referendum, as suggested by Mr Douglas Jay and Mr Wedgwood Benn, on the peculiar ground, among others, that the Treaty of Rome represents a threat to the British Constitution which can only be averted by a procedure which is in conflict with its most fundamental principles. Indeed, to invite public discussion on such terms as these is to ensure that it will be in no way adequate to the issues that are actually involved.

SUCH ISSUES, IF THEY ARE to be intelligible to the vast majority of those whose lives they will affect, demand to be discussed in rather wider and larger terms than a mere calculation of material loss and gain. As a basis for public discussion one would much rather have some such uncompromisingly hostile declaration as the *Spectator's* announcement that

> it stands fast on preserving the national identity and the national will in so far as these are created by, and create, our institutions and law and language, and are expressed in the sophisticated but popularly understood concept of sovereignty.

I am not sure, of course, that such language will be any more intelligible to the ordinary man than that fine calculation of "sticking points" on which Mr Crossman is apparently engaged. I am not sure that I understood it myself. But at least it does reflect the ordinary man's fear and apprehension that somehow, as a member of the European Community, he will be something rather less than he was and that he will be stripped of that measure of control over his own destiny which is conferred on him at present by the unlimited sovereignty of Parliament. I myself believe such fears to be, for the most part, illusory, and that, in so far as they have a real basis, they relate not to an as yet unrealised future but to a state of affairs which already exists. But it would be foolish to deny that they are deeply felt and, if one is to believe almost every political commentator at the present time, they are reflected in a growing hostility to the project of uniting Britain's future with that of the European Economic Community.

In this, perhaps, the ordinary man has a surer understanding than the politicians of what the project is about. Yet fear alone would not be a very good guide to whether to support or reject it. To make such a decision requires a realisation of the true facts of Britain's position in the world today and of the real as opposed to the formal meaning of sovereignty. It also requires consideration of whether the British may not be more likely to preserve their identity within the shelter of the Community, as the peoples of the Six have, than as inhabitants of an off-shore island exposed to the vicissitudes of a world in which power and authority are increasingly concentrated in larger and larger units of governments.

THESE ARE IN FACT the issues which are involved in membership of the Community and they will remain the issues long after calculations of immediate economic loss and gain have ceased to have any relevance. They are also precisely the kind of issues on which an educated democracy, if properly informed, has a right to be consulted and is equipped to pass judgment. It would be disastrous if, in the coming months, discussion of Britain's application for membership of the Community were to be concentrated, instead of on these issues, on the narrow one of immediate material advantage or disadvantage. If that were to happen, it would mean that the British people had been effectively excluded from any voice in deciding their own future; one might as well ask them to make a decision involving the higher mathematics. A public debate on this basis would in fact be a sham debate, the effect of which would be to restrict the real power of decision to a narrow circle of politicians who, relieved of the pressure of any powerful body of public opinion, would be likely to sacrifice long-term national interest to immediate party advantage.

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Yehuda Amichai

Five Poems

A Song of Praise to the Lovely Couple Varda and Schimmel

Jerusalem in the week of the marriage of
Schimmel: I saw a foreign beatnik shoulder
his wrapped guitar like a rifle.
I saw a beggar put out a jingling hand
at the entrance to the public pissoir across from
buttoning men. And in the Russian Compound
I heard at night fresh whores
who sang and danced in jail: Esty, Esty, Esty,
take me.

Jerusalem sunk in audio-visual love
Jerusalem still drunk
froth of tourists on her lips.

I take her temperature:
38 degrees in the shade of her armpits.
100 degrees of joy
in the mouth of the gold ring.*

But Motsa!
Schimmel is preparing Motsa for his marriage.
From the East 7 red bulldozers
cut the mountain like a great wedding cake.
10 yellow cement-mixers, 30 workers
with flags and undershirts of phosphorescent orange
21 explosions in the afternoon:
Mazel Tov!

Schimmel and Varda are already descending slowly
in the parachute of the white synagogue.
Now they're standing silent, wrapped
in the cellophane-paper of God's mercy.

Love in one clean room,
like a dream of years of good living
compressed in one minute of sleep.
Schimmel and Varda:

two tranquillizer pills
melting slowly
in the mouth of the excited and crumbling world.

*"the mouth of the . . . ring", asshole, in Hebrew.

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The Bull Returns

The bull returns from his workday in the ring,
after he drank coffee with his fighters
and left a note for them with his exact
address and place of the red handkerchief.
The sword remained in his stiff-necked neck.
And when he's at home. Now
he sits on his bed with his heavy
Jewish eyes. He knows
that also for the sword it hurts to delve into flesh.
In the next reincarnation he'll be a sword: the hurt
will stay.
("The door is open. If not, the key is under
the mat".)
He knows the mercy of evening and true
mercy. In the bible he's listed with the clean
animals.
He's very kosher, chews his cud
and even his heart's divided and cleft like hoof.
From his breast break through hairs
dry and grey as from a split mattress.

We Did It

We did it before the mirror
and in the light. We did it in darkness,
in water and in the high grass.

We did it in honour of man
and in honour of beast and in honour of God.
But they didn't want to know about us,
they already saw our like.

We did it with imagination and colours,
with confusion of reddish hair and brown
and with difficult gladdening
exercises. We did it
like wheels and holy creatures
and with chariot-feats of prophets.
We did it six wings
and six legs, but the heavens
were hard above us
like the summer earth beneath.

Bitter Lemon

Bitter lemon, what do you want
from me? I want you to suck me
devour me be bitter with me
and die with me. Sweet mouth,
red mouth's what I want.

Bitter lemon, after that what,
what will we say to them? You're no
honeydew, you're no
honeymoon lodge for my night. You're
much, much more.
My mouth will die in you
red and with my mouth—my rage.

Hike with a Woman

When after hours of walking
you discover suddenly
the body of the woman pacing beside you
wasn't intended
for travel or war,

that her thighs become heavy
and her buttocks shift like a weary flock,
you swell with great joy
for the world
in which women are like that.

Translated by Harold Schimmel

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NOTES & TOPICS

African Balance

Kampala

THE *first act of the new régime in Uganda was to order the release of all political prisoners detained by President Obote's Government and to authorise the return of political exiles. At 2 o'clock this morning small arms, mortar, and tank fire was heard in Kampala. Troops chased civilians off the streets as sporadic shooting echoed across the city and soldiers ringed the Parliament building, seized the radio station, the post office, the railway station and banks and other strategic positions. A soldier told a British reporter outside the Parliament building that seven people had been killed in the area, adding: "I don't mind making you the eighth. . . ."*

Some of the firing was "joy" shooting. Thousands of men and women had poured on to the streets of the capital in cars, lorries and on foot, cheering and waving leaves, when General Amin announced that it was the new government's intention to "right numerous wrongs." There was wild rejoicing. It was quite deafening. . . .

Uganda tribalism lies at the root of the coup. President Obote had promoted officers from his own Lango district. General Amin is from the Kakawa tribe. Inspector General Oryema is from the Acholi tribe, also in the north. President Obote had been trying to increase the influence of his own tribe. . . .

THE TIMES
(26 January 1971)

"BUGANDA'S in Uganda . . . the people there are called Muganda. Buganda and Muganda together are Baganda . . . and their language is Luganda in Buganda in Uganda . . . ." This jingle that his children used to recite was once quoted to me by a senior British official in Nairobi when we were long ago discussing the future of the so-called Dark Continent. "What can become of such a muddle?" he said.

That was still in the 1950s. In the meantime Africa's first decade has ended, her first decade of Independence which began in 1960 as suddenly as a tropical thunderstorm. Seventeen colonies, with populations varying between 600,000 and 34 millions, gained their independence within twelve months.

Seventeen national flags were hurriedly designed, seventeen national anthems were composed, and seventeen national independence days were celebrated. Seventeen times delegations from London, Paris, Washington, Moscow and Bonn, invariably with handsome gifts in their baggage, travelled to Africa to convey their congratulations. Seventeen times men who had previously been teachers, doctors, lawyers, tribal chiefs' sons, medical corps sergeants or post office clerks, awoke to find themselves heads of state, prime ministers, commanders-in-chief or judges. Seventeen new name-plates were set up in the assembly hall of the United Nations.

But tropical thunderstorms are not only invigorating; they also spread devastation. Of the seventeen heads of state in office in 1960 only seven survived the first outbreaks of turbulence. The others were overthrown by *coups d'état*, in which four of them were killed. Five others were sentenced to life imprisonment, or to death *in absentia*. One died in exile.

If the restricted circle of heads of state is extended to include persons of cabinet or similar rank, and if the number of new nations is roughly doubled to include those established before or since, the count of violently deposed, assassinated, imprisoned or exiled political leaders rises to the hundreds. In tiny Burundi alone three Prime Ministers were assassinated. In the Congo four Ministers were publicly hanged, and Prime Minister Tshombe became the kidnapped victim of the Algerian leader Colonel Boumedienne. Before the "saviour and liberator" Kwame Nkrumah fled from Ghana with a nest-egg of several millions, he had been the target of six assassination attempts that cost thirty-seven lives and 450 wounded.[1]

After this article was written, the Uganda régime of Milton Obote (who had been away at the Commonwealth Conference in Singapore, leading the attack on Prime Minister Heath's South African policy) was overthrown by a *coup d'état*. And *The Times* (London, 26 January) observed: "Though perhaps less despotic than many other régimes whose problems are no greater, the Obote Government has

HORST ELISEIT *is a German journalist who has travelled widely in Africa.*

[1] See Kweku Folson, "Nkrumah's Africa" ENCOUNTER, July 1969.

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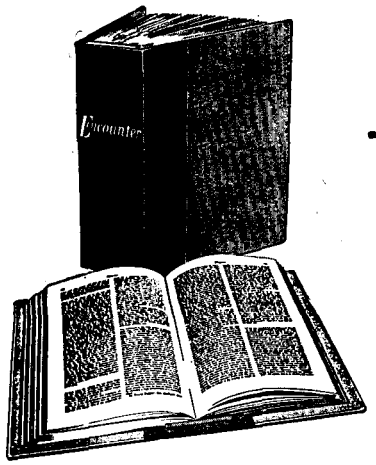
not escaped from the familiar cycle of repression, plots, and more repression. . . ."

AFRICA'S FIRST DECADE was enlivened by some forty revolts and attempted revolts. The world was shocked by cannibalism during the civil war in the Congo. It looked on helplessly at the massacre of Biafrans in Britain's former model colony of Nigeria. At least 20,000 Arabs and Indians died in Zanzibar's days and nights of the long knife in 1964. In the Sudan the Black South is still in revolt against the Arab North, and Somalia is still engaged in guerrilla warfare against Ethiopia. Whole villages, down to and including newborn babies, were wiped out in punitive expeditions against the Watussi; and in 1962, when the famine in Ruwanda and Burundi was at its height, more than 300 people died daily for weeks on end. Some régimes were able to maintain themselves only with the aid of foreign troops: the Congo had its white mercenaries and black United Nations contingents, Uganda flashed SOS messages to London, and Gaboun and Mali did the same to Paris. French troops are still engaged in Chad. And finally, Black Africa is burdened with at least 800,000 expatriates and refugees.

But are these features of Africa's most disturbed decade valid evidence against "decolorisation"? Surely such enormous changes in the post-Imperial era were bound to lead to enormous complications, a fact that the initial euphoria served merely to obscure.[2]

For what did Africa mean to the world until modern times? Except for Egypt and the Mediterranean coast, it was unknown to antiquity. The Portuguese seamen of the age of discovery were interested only in circumnavigating the inconvenient land-mass. The opening up of the "Dark Continent" began only with the establishment of the Africa Company in London in 1788. It filled the whole of the nineteenth century, when explorers and adventurers prepared the way for economic and political colonisation. At the turn of the century Africa belonged to seven European nations: Britain, France, Belgium, Portugal, Spain, Germany and Italy. The only free African states were

[2] See the controversial discussion pieces by Thomas Hodgkin, Elspeth Huxley and Professor Edward Shils, "What Future for Africa?" (ENCOUNTER, June-July 1961).



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Ethiopia, that legendary empire of "the Lion of Judah", and the Republic of Liberia, founded for American Negroes in 1847.

After the First World War the tide began to turn. The first sign was the establishment of Egyptian independence in 1922; but not till three decades later, when Libya, the Sudan, Morocco, Tunisia, Ghana and Guinea achieved statehood between 1951 and 1958, did the avalanche set in that ushered in Africa's decade of Independence in 1960. Now that that decade is over, some of the trends that were there from the start have consolidated themselves and new ones have developed. In my view the five most important are:—

1. Nearly all the new states are artificial creations, set up without regard to ethnic, tribal, linguistic or geographical considerations. But even the most violent anti-colonialists proclaim the "defence of the national frontiers" —all marked out by the imperialists of the colonial age—to be their country's most sacred duty.

2. Tribalism has survived far more stubbornly than was generally expected. Tribal loyalties and rivalries are clearly a more potent factor than any other in the political scene.

3. The Pan-African idea has met with only a rhetorical response. Supra-national cooperation has generally broken down very quickly. The "Organisation for African Unity" is no more than a forum for mutual accusations and for sermons on colonialism.

4. The forms of parliamentary democracy that were initially taken over everywhere have almost invariably collapsed. The norm has become a One-Party system with a strong man at the top, and with civilian leadership increasingly giving way to the military.

5. In the social field the dominant feature is the contrast between a small, educated, governing class of highly-paid state officials, enjoying the support of a few wealthy cliques, and the broad masses living in poverty and backwardness.[3] In the towns tensions are dangerously accentuated by the growing flight from the land.

IN COMPARISON with these problems, which are the breeding-ground for the revolutions and counter-revolutions of the future, how desperate or fundamental is the conflict between "Black and White"? In spite of all the

[3] See Dr Rita Hinden's early expression of disillusionment about "African Socialism", in ENCOUNTER, March 1964.

MIKHAIL BULGAKOV

THE WHITE GUARD

Translated by Michael Glenny

'One of those rare books charged with a kind of electricity which makes everything just right, just exactly so. Its subject is sad – the last, rather shameful day of Kiev before the entry of the bolsheviks. But it somehow has the magical brilliance of some half-remembered, sparkling winter day; the real Russian fire-and-ice. And Michael Glenny's translation is superb'

MICHAEL FRAYN

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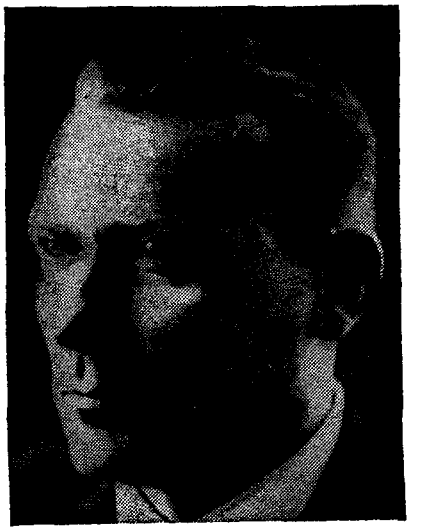
C. P. SNOW, FINANCIAL TIMES

'An impressive and moving book'

TIMES LIT. SUPP.



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European and African oratory devoted to the subject, it is, in my view, increasingly revealing itself to be more artificial than real. What is in point of fact real about it would seem to be the growing realism on both racial sides, a new and developing sense for compromise and conciliation which can open up a prospect of important cooperation over and above racial colour barriers.

Horst Eliseit

Of Mortal Love & Civil War

Memories and Other Things—By WILLIAM GERHARDIE

WHEN I WAS ASKED to write a piece about—but mainly around—*Farewell to the Don,*[1] with egocentric reference to my own not dissimilar experiences in a kindred theatre of the Russian Civil War, and not merely a review of someone else's book, my enthusiasm was proportionately kindled. For I find it infinitely dreary—don't you?—to browse through book pages containing no mention of your own.

The only Briton to flaunt the trailing folds of a Don Cossack General's cloak, complete with epauletted uniform and cockaded cap at the conferment of an honorary doctorate of philology at the University of Rostov-on-the-river-Don (in lieu of an utterly unheard-of academic gown) and with no remotely possible philological association with the Spanish title even in its secondary meaning signifying, loosely, rake, libertine, Don Juan, but rather carrying a practical implication in the verb denoting "to put on"—that's it: to don a garment; himself "sometime" a don to don a Don Cossack's uniform as a Doctor of Philology, jackboots and spurs and all, is (*pace* Brigadier) our own dear Charles, otherwise a knight bachelor, in silken dalliance a life peer; ever sailing down the ever-rolling stream a masterly synanthous *roman-fleuve*—and surnamed Snow.

Per contra, remembering happily the river Don in its unhappiest internecine days, is our trigger-happy author, who has done his bit and bids a blithe if unreciprocal, though titularly demonstrative, "Farewell to the Don"—so making up in emphasis what he lacks in weight.

Now that, with the changing temper of the times, blood "sports" are ruled out even for the sport of kings, and recalcitrants increasingly regarded as erotically unfulfilled, the recollections of a British gunner shooting Russians who, by the freak of changing fortune in the Civil War, found themselves from an artillerist's point of view, perpetually on the wrong side, do not endear him as a human being.

That the human frame with its entrails and delicately adjusted organs is not cut out to meet the assault of steel and shellfire does not occur to people, to whom quite a lot of other things that stare you in the face do not occur. But what about yourself? you ask. As a captain on the staff of the British Military Mission to Siberia, though grazed by machine-gun fire, intended for no one in particular, I was never called to fire a shot. Not so Major Williamson, who seemed to consider the Russian Revolution as a free-for-all. On his own admission, he loved them and found little to choose between atrocities committed on either side. So Oscar must be right. We kill the things we love.

The artillery major (*aetat* 84 and a brigadier) was happy only when he pulled the trigger. The secret of true literature and of all other art, as I am never tired of ramming down inartistic throats, lies in the tiny trigger movement releasing enormous forces. But the gunner's happiness consisted in fussily releasing explosives at reluctant Russians with whom he was not even acquainted because they found themselves, unhappily, on the other side. Hence, his writing, *qua* writing, is not so happy.

He cursed his Russian comrades, he tells us, through an interpreter (as he couldn't speak a word of Russian), for not killing their brother Russians with more vivacity, and begrudged them even their midday forty winks, and he learnt (through an interpreter) that they were often having a game with him.

How, then, did a British officer succeed, as he candidly suspected, in making himself a motley to the view?

THE ANSWER IS: Churchill. As yet only Antwerp and the Dardanelles to recommend him as a master strategist—about as strong a

[1] *Farewell to the Don: The Journal of Brigadier H. N. H. Williamson.* Edited by JOHN HARRIS. Collins, £2.10

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recommendation (with more to come) as an aspiring railway porter citing hernia as his strong point, Churchill argued a grudging Cabinet out of their better sense. His idea was about as sensible as, say, Tsar Alexis mounting a Russian Intervention in the Puritan Revolution—dispatching Williamson's beloved Don Cossacks to wield their cruel spears and pitiless swords by way of moderating the agitations of the Agitators, the expectations of exorbitant Fifth Monarchists, the worst excesses of the Levellers, and particularly of the Quakers (who really went too far, modelling their teaching on Christ's), and staying the bolshevist hand of Oliver Cromwell. The disastrous Allied Intervention in the French Revolution never crossed their Cabinet minds.

My novel *The Polyglots*—and who will blame them?—the Russians accordingly translated to read: *Invasion by Barbarians.* And Stalin, Svetlana tells us, took a great liking to Churchill. Strategists form a freemasonry, and all's forgotten so long as they have had their fling. But nobody gives a thought to housewives sobbing over their sinks to call up a life infinitely dear but deemed in the conception of a larger plan, otherwise misfired, as "expendable", one of many from some fleeting brainchild entertained a while by a father of his country dying full of years and honours in his bed. The little town had seldom seen a costlier funeral. (Tennyson.)

For the last word on Churchill—positively the last, for nobody will ever better it—read *The Best of Hugh Kingsmill* edited by that Cromwell of Literature, Michael Holroyd,[2] who may at any moment march a company of musketeers into a hen-house (where Kingsmill had once foolishly expected to find birds of paradise) to intercept a list in preparation of "required reading"—staled by annual repetition but intended to perpetuate an academic Parliament of Fowls.

THAT FINE, upstanding novelist, Anthony Powell, twits me with the passages, admittedly jocular, in *The Polyglots* where Churchill is treated as a buffoon. Come to this, did I not write a radio birthday portrait—"Churchill in Our Finest Hour"—according to my dear old friend Max Beaverbrook, "best-ever, in the opinion of the subject, portrait limned in words"?

The pretext for marching into Russia was to prevent the Germans from seizing British war material. I well remember "on the eve"—Russia still lingeringly Imperial—General Sir Henry Wilson stamping up and down the Embassy, cursing: "That swine Boris!" because the Grand Duke presiding over the Artillery did not deem it compatible with his dignity to incommode himself for a mere C.I.G.S. or thereabouts; Kitchener, an eminently "expendable" casualty to Lloyd George, whose war he was fast losing, now at the bottom of the sea and the Grand Duke content to relegate a list of illegibly pencilled details of munitions agreed to be sent out from England to his elaborately aiguilletted aide-de-camp who tried to puzzle them out with me. We could well have done with Williamson! I was then a cavalry subaltern on the staff of our Military Attaché, General Sir Alfred Knox. My novels on Russian themes, already youthing (to coin a new verb: and now, a half-century since, republished in their definitive edition) were those of a young Englishman brought up in Russia. Quite unlike *The Secret City* (i.e. Petrograd) by Hugh Walpole, then edging around and slopping over his sturdy Russians, baffled by his distorting inversion, utterly unknown in the land, and courting, necessarily to small effect, Meriel Buchanan, the Ambassador's daughter, herself essaying a Russian novel.

When the munitions dribbled in, for the most part they could not be used, the guns and shells having been dispatched to different ports, the War Office, as Asquith had said, "a by-word of inefficiency in the Boer War," only relatively improved. And so, like Sir Arthur O'Kellyn's bones and his good sword, and before Tsarists or Germans, Reds or Whites could use them, or wanted to, or knew how, munitions were dust, and, after the melted snow, rust—and their inventors' souls were with the saints, we trust.

UNDER KERENSKY, whose all-party conference —Mensheviks, Bolsheviks, the lot—I attended as the Ambassador's very junior, very proud, direct representative (sitting, spurs, sword and all, just behind the Prime Minister Kerensky in the grand ex-Imperial Box)—at that time they had better things to do than tackle unfamiliar British guns. And under Lenin, when the Ambassador instructed me, a mere subaltern, but probably because I spoke Russian like a native, to argue the Bolshevik Commissar for War, the ex-sailor Krylenko, into some semblance of common humanity in getting him to move the population of the Baltic ports before obligingly exploding British shells out of reach of the steadily advancing Germans, he himself exploded at the British Ambassador's punctilio: "What's he worrying

[2] Gollancz (1970).

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about? The Balts are nothing but a lot of bourgeois, anyway!"

Lloyd George was fast sickening of Churchill's Russian outing—inquiring disgruntledly: "Who've they got there? There's somebody apparently called Kolchak—and a General Knox."

Knox, for seven years Military Attaché at St Petersburg, fluent in Russian, was my revered chief of the Petrograd Embassy days; and at Vladivostok he brought in Imperial Admiral Kolchak, now generally acknowledged as Supreme (anti-Bolshevik) Ruler —a fine, clipped, Napoleonic figure. There was nowhere to sit down except my office bed, on which the three of us sat together, and history unrolled before it.

Nobody knows what happened to Yudenitch, but Denikin and Wrangel made their get-away and died in their beds. Kolchak was handed, under menaces, to the Bolsheviks and shot. And Lenin, who was his opposite number, was imperfectly done in by one of his own people—Dora Kaplan, because she didn't see eye to eye with him.

SERVING WITH ME on the British Military Mission to Siberia was the late Konni Zilliacus, M.P., whose grand ambition was to be President of the League of Nations. He was born in Japan; his father was a Finn, of Greek origin, his mother an American; he was educated at Bedales and Yale, served in the French ambulance, married a Polish girl in Manchuria, and his children were born in Switzerland. Out of fun I borrowed something of his complicated background and saddled my narrator with it to pander to people who, moreover, do not know that all the forbidding word "polyglot" really means is "many-tongued": and Anthony Powell fell into the trap, identifying the author of *The Polyglots* with the zilliacusised narrator.

Conversely, along the quay facing the broad river Neva flowing through the Imperial capital of St Petersburg, my father succeeding my grandfather, born in London, with other captains of industry (the Swede Nobel notably among them) flaunted into the hostile faces of his workmen his mansion, in our case, white baroque, in the tradition of the period built nobly beside his works. And on November 21-22, 1895, 75 years ago, Alfred Nobel signed, sealed and delivered his will instituting the world-famous Nobel Prizes, as my mother, born Clara Wadsworth and a girlhood friend of his wife, born Minnie Johnson (and, like ourselves, English by birth), saw fit to deliver me.

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CHATTO & WINDUS

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I remember my mother, baffled by the coincidence of glowing notices and negligible sales, with wrathful eyes nailing down the blame: "It's the public!" I exonerated my generous contemporaries, falling over one another in exquisite appreciation; reminded her of Carlyle's definition of the population—twenty million, was it?—"mostly fools." But she wouldn't listen. "It's the public!" she stood her ground.

Futility and *Anton Chekhov*, a critical study, and even the genesis of *The Polyglots* were all written at Oxford—my tutor Nichol Smith (later Regius Professor in succession to the incomparable, oh! unforgettable Sir Walter Raleigh) paying me the cherished compliment that, in addition to taking my degrees, my chief work in the English Honours School was to complete a novel on Russian themes.

At Oxford and in May, home of lost causes; and my books, but for this, as good as posthumous, definitive edition, a lost cause. At the fag-end of your life you don't care much what you say or what is said to you. One has shot one's bolt, and it is too late, one's loving parents who might have taken some pride in commendation, long since departed, to take much pleasure in praise or hurt at blame. "Alone, alone, all, all alone, alone on a wide wide sea! And never a saint took pity on my soul in agony."

The current reissue of my *Of Mortal Love*, once encouraged by Katherine Mansfield, of *Pending Heaven*, to Edith Wharton my best novel since *Futility*, and *The Polyglots*, called "the young man's Bible" at Oxford by a score of undergraduates all since grown very famous, coincides with my appalling overdraft on the conventional span of three-score-and-ten by an unconscionable, another, five years of grace. The brigadier is still more heavily in the red. To be exact, by 14 years last December. But let him take a leaf out of Max Beerbohm's book. The incomparable Max, citing his own and E. M. Forster's case, declared that, provided you did not impose on people by publishing a new book, everybody will begin to love you.

Who cares?

One thing perhaps I am not utterly indifferent about. That is the novelist's stock-in-trade: the bourgeoning spring of feminine beauty: which is none other than inarticulate genius—genius which has not to be explained. I am toying with a television programme—"Genius and Beauty"—giving substance to this mystery of yearning lasses, from Chaucer and the Border Ballads, through Shakespeare and their nearest kindred in heart and mind—Chekhov—to this our hour: before the task is done and we must sleep. I ask: where are they?

The most serious thing in literature, of course, is humour. It is pure insight. It is clairvoyance in the service of this life. It is the prerequisite to a correct appraisal of a situation. It is more than any being can know without it.

So Social Realism? Certainly, but as Gogol and Chekhov saw it. Remember, a dog's obeyed in office.

Love and parody. The soul, the very poetry of literature, according to the gospel of Goethe.

I knew that love came before war. And so, I think, did Williamson, when those four lips met at the going out of the last candle. He reports as follows:

"Two soft lips rested on mine for one exalted second in which I knew that the passion which they imparted was so intense that they dared not linger."

That kiss is the only positive result he can be said to have achieved before his farewell to the Don.

The advantage, however, Williamson, of casting real people and events into sundry pieces as novels is in frustrating Nosey Parkers by tucking away something that happened in Harbin among what has happened differently in Vienna and Antibes. Of mortal love and civil war, memories serve us both. He cites one or two atrocities, but I would naturally prefer to cite my own examples. On second thoughts, who wants atrocities? Let me speak instead of civil love in mortal war.

A soldier, a Chink, a pony went past. She laughed. "Look!" she laughed, girlishly, without cause. But in the morning she slipped into my room and gave me a virgin kiss. (No married women for me. No, Williamson). I pressed her to me, my spare hand cupped over her young resilient breast, to prolong, augment, the ecstasy; and she closed her eyes as if to absorb the vision, hold it there for a keepsake; to remember me by in days to be—me, her only William.

How's that, Williamson?

Or this—?

Tomorrow?—And here she was, arranging her hair before my glass. "You are so pretty," I said, watching her as my heart pealed like a bell with happiness. "Do you think so?" And she was so dear to me that when we spoke of love we cried because they came to say that tomorrow we must part.

And there is more to come.

Two hours before her train was to take her, with her mother, away for ever, never to meet

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again, we walked together in the drizzly rain into the hills. Her unuttered but secret promise, implied in what we felt as we walked up, was to release, I can remember now, ecstatic gales of unrestrained, benignant joy. The brigadier and the young wife of an invalid, he tells us, were, after that single kiss, content to leave it at that, stunned apparently into an admirable full stop. We two, on the other hand, carried on into a new paragraph. Under the rainy moon stretched the blanched stones of the graveyard. Underneath, worldlings who had read the last page of their story slept unheeding the onrush of ages. "Come, it is drier there on the sloping stones."—"Here?" she asked.—"Where else?"

And if we were not to meet again, then it was right, then it was proper, that on this stone and in the hearing of the dead I plucked delight from the breathing loins of a girl with whom I was to take from time a little more than time will yield, before our bodies, too, were bones under a stone beneath the bleaching moon.

That flat, wet, moonlit gravestone, Williamson! And her two buffers. And that willowy frame. And those distant desultory shots tautening of a sudden her yielded years. Youth. . . Your splendid, wonderful youth. . .

"A prolonged and infinitely complicated orgasm of the imagination" a critic calls my *Of Mortal Love*. It may be condemned, of course, by all manner of worthies whose strongest instinct would hardly approximate to a good sneeze.

To Churchill, now Secretary of State for War Without A War (with Chanak in the offing and Norway, Dieppe, Salerno looming across the years), who extended (*pace* Anthony Powell) his Russian little outing, I owe the memory of that orgasm on the moon-bathed gravestone. It is a pity one has to die so soon.

SENSIBLE PEOPLE content themselves with a democracy. Others, who had hoped a White Victory would usher an autocracy, have lived to see their wish come true, if clothed in Red. Shaw once put his finger on democracy. It was, as I remember, to this effect. Whereas autocracy may well rule better, democracy must always outrule autocracy because democracy ministers to our belief, however delusive, and to our sense of human dignity, however flattering, a comfortable feeling that we are our own masters.

By dint of dogmatic reiteration, it is still drummed into Communists that, having dictatorship of the proletariat (never mind if the dictatorship is *over* the proletariat!), they must

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please believe that they have democracy. And if they believe that, they will believe anything.

In the sense that the headmaster, whom it hurts more to flog the boy than it hurts the boy, is the boy's declared best friend, their approved school may be called an approved democracy. The Russian State is taking its time to wither away.

We, on the other hand, are too smart by half to see the obvious. That Williamson's military "caste", for whose perpetuation he says he joined Churchill's Russian outing, is, not to put too fine a gloss upon it, no more than a caste of trained killers, thugs in uniform, "expendable" in doing nothing better than winning stultifying wars that belie their own end, should surely be obvious enough except to analphabetics; but we would consider such a self-evident view as "not quite nice". Nor does it occur to us that by way of rehabilitating their morale and moral standing, they surely cannot do better service than join our police as auxiliaries in ferreting out and hunting down real crime, considering that commando work is the only likely work they would ever be called to do in a future war of nameless devastation. In an evil world we pick on erotic pleasure for our severest reprobation, and literary lawyers wear their wits out to decide what is and what is not "pornography", without it ever occurring to anyone that anything in that line is no more than a wholesome lightning-conductor deflecting pressure from an overheated imagination.

RUSSIA is the poet's purgatory, and the peasant's prose. Yet the small fry is infinitely better off in every way than under the Imperial autocracy. And Williamson's fussy intervention has done nothing to contribute to the greatest or even smallest happiness of the greatest number. The White Armies, of course, never had a chance—unless exclusively recruited from Tsarist officers. As soon expect our English servants to flock back when told that master and mistress dearly love them—apart from dearly loving to see them at their beck and call. It was as simple as that.

No taxation without representation. No. But that little Russian outing cost the British taxpayer one hundred million pounds sterling. And all there was to show for it, when Williamson bade his Farewell to death upon the Don, were 200,000 people to die on that terrible retreat alone, miserably, from typhus.

We are great moralisers. We here (with all our revolutionary studentry) may be, as ever before, a pack of sentimental muffs—mere spawn of Baldwin breaking into a half-sob,

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half-throb at his swelling words in the House of Commons (having coolly disposed of our noble king) that they would now be firmer and closer friends than ever before. (Hear, hear!) We may be patriotic mugs, now keeping up our national end with quite idiotic (*tout ce qu'il y a de mieux!* and, no doubt, already leaking) nerve-gases. But we are not a police state. And that is worth more than paying through the nose for landings on the moon—eventually, without a doubt, to be fitted out into concentration camps to house subversive elements passing the point of no return.

OBLIVIOUS of Lincoln's caveat that you can *not* finally (in literature above all else) fool all of the people all of the time, the blurb in its high claims just shows to what preposterous lengths a hopeful publisher will hopefully go when something seems to sound to him like possibly something else.

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The "Put-On" of Black Panther Rhetoric

On the Function of Polemical Excess — By MARTIN KILSON

MELVIN J. LASKY'S note on "Reading the Black Panther" (ENCOUNTER, January 1971) was a reasonable and valid reaction to the role of violent symbolism and distortion in the Panther Party's propaganda. But it could be argued that Mr Lasky's reaction overlooks a vital, though not altogether self-evident, feature of the ideological and verbal style of the Black Panther leaders and other black militants for that matter. They are influenced heavily by the articulating styles of the Negro political sub-culture, one of which is an inclination to "put people on"—that is, to give the impression of being something that you necessarily really are not, hoping thereby to derive a certain advantage, benefit, leeway, etc.[1]

The "put-on" is particularly common among the Negro lower strata (the working class, marginal working class and lower class) from which the overwhelming majority of Panther and other black militant leaders are recruited. Furthermore, verbal and polemical excesses—along with other stylistic excesses of leadership—are basic to the Negro leadership style. One is perceived as deficient by one's followers unless one indulges in such excesses, and this occasionally transcends class or strata lines within the Negro sub-system.[2]

Although the response of white-controlled institutions, local and national, to the use of violence by numerous sectors of the Negro community since 1964 included a powerful anti-Negro backlash, this response also entailed major political concessions to the black ghetto. In a word, within certain limits violence paid off. In view of this, it is hardly surprising that the Panther militants, recruited from the innovative segments of the Negro lower strata, would inform the leadership style I characterise as "put on" with violent forms. Furthermore, the Panther party's main allies—white radicals, who supply the Panthers with most of their financial resources—are equally responsible for the Panther party's use of this political style. Without the regular weekly evidence available in the Panther party's organ, *The Black Panther*, of anti-Establishment violent rhetoric and symbolism, the majority of white radical supporters of the Panther party would be without a major vicarious outlet for their revolutionary fantasy. Panther leaders, reared in a political culture where the "put-on" is in fact the main mode of providing people with vicarious or spurious satisfactions, would indeed be poor examples of lower-strata Negro leadership if they failed to exploit this situation.[3]

PROFESSOR MARTIN KILSON *is a young Negro scholar who teaches at Harvard University and is also a research associate at the Center for International Affairs.*

[1] *Cf.* Malcolm X (and Alex Haley), *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* (1966). See also Claude Brown, *Manchild in the Promised Land* (1965).

[2] *Cf.* St. Clair Drake and Horace B. Cayton, *Black Metropolis: a study of Negro Life in a Northern City* (1945), Chapters 15-16, 21-22, *passim.*

[3] For a case study of this type of leadership among lower-strata Negroes and the role of the "put-on", the work of the late Professor Ira de Augustine Ried (a major American Negro Sociologist) on the lower-strata Negro church and its clergy should be consulted. See, *e.g.*, Ira de A. Ried, "Let Us Prey", *Opportunity: Journal of Negro Life* (September 1926), pp. 274-278. See also James Hubert, "Urbanization and the Negro", *Proceedings of the National Conference of Social Work* 1933 (Chicago 1933) pp. 420-425.

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I WOULD ARGUE, THEREFORE, that what one reads in *The Black Panther: Black Community News Service*, is of little surprise to the typical Negro, especially the lower-strata blacks. They experience this type of leadership "hustle" daily, and simply because it is clothed in Marxist-Leninist and Maoist (Third World) language or jargon matters very little indeed. The black ghetto, in short, simply does not take these leaders seriously. There is simply no evidence to date that anything like a significant segment of lower-strata ghetto blacks are acting in accord with the violence-ridden political declarations published weekly in *The Black Panther*. After all, to do so would be nothing less than daft! The typical Negro *knows* that the ghetto cannot launch open warfare against the United States government—which is precisely what one would be doing if one were to act in accord with the verbal excesses found in *The Black Panther* on the subject of black "national liberation," "off the pigs," etc. Surely the average ghetto black is not yet daft. Indeed one cannot properly comprehend the ability of the typical Negro to survive a century of authoritarian uses of coercion by white authorities and individuals (especially in the South but, more often than is recognised, also outside that uncivilised sector of our country) unless one grasps the profound hold of common sense and basic intelligence among Negroes.[4]

One final point: it might have been argued by M.J.L. that the intellectually disturbing features of the Panther Party's leaders' verbal excesses perform an unintended and positive function. They enable a certain sector of urban Negroes, of which I think Panther leaders are typical, to exorcise certain inner tensions, stresses and strains—indeed, certain demonic feelings—which emanate from the particular frustrations these persons experience in a society which, through white racism and related evils, unnaturally restricts their development as modern men.

What is particularly unique about lower-strata Negroes like the current militant leaders, Panthers and others, is that they rank among the more ambitious, innovative, and achieving-oriented members of their strata. But being what they sometimes themselves call *Lumpen* they lack opportunities for good formal education and technical or professional training. They subsequently nurse deep frustrations about mobility and not infrequently—in fact, far too often—seek a measure of at least economic mobility through anti-social means, including criminal activity.[5]

This situation was common to the current crop of black militant leaders prior to their careers as political activists. But at the same time as they secured a certain longed-for "standing" within the society through political activism or militancy, these leaders also secured an opportunity to express a profound and pent-up animosity toward the dominant social system.

It is, then, as a mode of tension release that the Panther Party's polemical excesses serve the party's leaders *and* followers. *Indeed, to the extent that they find that their polemical excesses serve this purpose, they are inclined to stop short of the actual practice of the violent behaviour they articulate verbally.* This is a general tendency discernible among Panther Party followers, though certain individuals in the party or influenced by it defy this tendency and resort to violent acts like gunning down policemen. Yet such acts appear suprisingly few in view of the perpetual exhortation by the Panther Party press and leaders to commit such acts. To this extent, perhaps the long-run cost of the kind of verbal excesses found in *The Black Panther* may be relatively small. This just might be a small price which American society has to pay for some of its idiotic and vulgar errors of the past.

I say this, of course, with no intention to dismiss or belittle certain possibly dangerous consequences of this type of political style used by Panther leaders and other American militants, black and white, and incidentally on both Left and Right.[6] But if these dangerous consequences can be averted, as I believe they can—especially if a Democratic Administration ousts Republicans from power in 1972 and remains there for another 20 years—then the evaluation I have made of the long-run cost of the Panther leaders' political style will also be seen to be reasonable and valid.

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[4] *Cf.* E. Franklin Frazier, *The Negro in the United States* (1949).

[5] See Martin Kilson, "New Black Intellectuals," *Dissent* (July-August, 1969), pp. 304-310.

[6] *Cf.* Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl K. Raab, *The Politics of Unreason: Right-wing Extremism in America 1790-1970* (1970).

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Some Connections—By E. B. GREENWOOD

IT IS WELL KNOWN, thanks to Hendrik von Wright's biographical sketch, that Wittgenstein read Tolstoy's ethical and religious writings during a time of crisis in his personal life, the period of the First World War.[1] Bertrand Russell says that Wittgenstein told him that when he was on the Eastern front in Galicia he walked into a bookshop and bought Tolstoy on the gospels, whereupon Wittgenstein "became for a time very religious, so much so that he began to consider me too wicked to associate with . . ."[2] Russell also recounts that Wittgenstein had later to make a living for a time by teaching peasant children in the Austrian village of Trattenbach and that their parents refused to supply him with milk because he taught sums "that were not about money."

By one of life's little ironies Wittgenstein, it seems, was *compelled* to do what his admired Tolstoy had done voluntarily as a squire in the 1860s, namely, to teach peasant children. But Tolstoy, with a kind of energetic egoism, was led to ask what he had learned from the peasants rather than what they had learned from him, and to mount an attack on the uselessness of culture and science from the peasant's viewpoint which anticipates the *What is Art* of thirty years later.[3] Wittgenstein seems to have been modestly concerned with his subject matter rather than what he could learn by teaching it.

JUST AS George Orwell discerned in the aged Tolstoy—fleeing from his ancestral home to die on a railway station—the physiognomy of the white-haired Lear on the heath, so we too can discern in the moral quixotry of Wittgenstein's giving away (on his return from the war) the fortune he inherited after his father's death in 1912, the physiognomy of the act Tolstoy agonisingly wanted to perform for so many years, but could not because of his wife and children, namely, the renunciation of both his inherited and earned wealth. Paul Engelmann in his illuminating pages argues that Wittgenstein did not give away his fortune because of a sense of guilt. In fact penitence is seen as foreign to Wittgenstein's nature. Wittgenstein simply wanted to cast off any encumbrances which affected his attitude to the outside world, "his fortune as well as his necktie."[4] If Engelmann is right it might seem that Wittgenstein's act of renunciation is very different from that of Tolstoy who was the "repentant nobleman" *par excellence.*

But were the acts so different? Did not Tolstoy, however oppressed by guilt, also really want freedom and autonomy?

In the letter which Tolstoy wrote to his wife

[1] Norman Malcolm, *Ludwig Wittgenstein: A Memoir* (Oxford University Press, 1958), p. 100.
[2] Bertrand Russell, *The Autobiography,* vol. 2 (Allen & Unwin, 1968), p. 100.
[3] "Are the Peasant Children to Learn to Write from Us?" and the other articles in Tolstoy's *Pedagogical Articles* (tr. Wiener, 1904).
[4] Paul Engelmann, *Letters from Ludwig Wittgenstein: with a Memoir* (Blackwell, 1967), p. 78.

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in 1897 (but which she did not see till after his death), he spoke of his longing for peace, solitude, and harmony.[5] There were, of course, great differences in the circumstances of the two men: Wittgenstein always single, Tolstoy devoted for many years to the practice and celebration of "family life." But they were strikingly alike in their struggle for the "deep" and "hard" way which—as Orwell had the insight to see—is, in fact, not necessarily harder than the way of the "ordinary" man who compromises with "the world."

ENGELMANN'S MEMOIR mainly refers to the period of the First World War when he and Wittgenstein were particularly close. Wittgenstein did his military training and also spent his leaves in Olmütz, the town where Engelmann lived. He speaks of Wittgenstein's "unreserved admiration and respect for Tolstoy," but throws all the emphasis on Tolstoy's works *The Gospel in Brief*, "Two Old Men," a folktale about a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and *What is Art?*, saying of the latter that Wittgenstein agreed "with some of its conclusions." He does not specify what particular conclusions these were; but it is suggestive that Engelmann goes on to summarise Tolstoy's argument as being that recent European art was ineffective because it did not speak to the "poor in spirit" as well as to the educated.

[5] Aylmer Maude, *The Life of Tolstoy* (World's Classics, 1953), vol. 2, p. 473.

Later in the memoir Engelmann speaks of Wittgenstein's sharing Tolstoy's "ethical totalitarianism" with its sense of "the uncompromising demands of ethics" and its "agonising awareness of one's own permanent failure to measure up to them."

IT CLEARLY EMERGES from these comments by von Wright, Russell, and Engelmann on Wittgenstein's great admiration for Tolstoy that Wittgenstein was more closely concerned with the later Tolstoy than with the author of *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. None of them, in fact, presents us with unequivocal testimony to the fact that Wittgenstein had read these works, though it is, of course, highly probable that he had. There is, however, an equivocal passage in Norman Malcolm's *Memoir* (which, by the way mentions Wittgenstein's great admiration for Tolstoy's late story *Hadji Murad*) in which he quotes the following passage from a letter of Wittgenstein's to the author:

> I once tried to read "Resurrection" but couldn't. You see, when Tolstoy just tells a story he impresses me infinitely more than when he addresses the reader. When he turns his back to the reader then he seems to me *most* impressive. Perhaps one day we can talk about this. It seems to me his philosophy is most true when it's *latent* in the story.

I call this passage "equivocal" because it could, of course, clearly be referring to the major novels. Yet it must be admitted, I think, that

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the phrase "tells a story" would better fit the later parables and short narratives than *War and Peace*. Moreover, Tolstoy's authoritative commentary as narrator must surely be acknowledged as counting for a great deal in building up our sense of the reality and coherence of the worlds of his great novels. It is much more important in them than in the parable-like narratives such as "God Sees the Truth but Waits" or "Two Old Men." After all the essence of parable is that even if a moral comment or question is tacked on at the end (as in some of the gospel parables) the "moral" should be melted into the narrative.

Nevertheless, I want to draw attention to the fact that whether he had read the book or not the closest parallel in Tolstoy to Wittgenstein's thought on ethics occurs in a passage in *Anna Karenina*. I will quote the passage (which is an account of some reflections of Levin's) and then set beside it a passage from the conclusion of Wittgenstein's *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*. Here is the Tolstoy:

> Theodore says that Kirilov, the innkeeper, lives for his belly. That is intelligible and reasonable. We all, as reasoning creatures, cannot live otherwise. And then that same Theodore says that it is wrong to live for one's belly, and that we must live for Truth, for God, and at the first hint I understand him! I and millions of men who lived centuries ago and those who are living now: peasants, the poor in spirit, and sages, who have thought and written about it, saying the same thing in their obscure words—we all agree on that one thing: what we should live for, and what is good. I, and all other men, know only one thing firmly, clearly, and certainly, and this knowledge cannot be explained by reason: it is outside reason, has no cause, and can have no consequences.
>
> If goodness has a cause, it is no longer goodness; if it has a consequence—a reward, it is also not goodness. Therefore goodness is beyond the chain of cause and effect.[6]

Here is the Wittgenstein:

> When an ethical law of the form, "Thou shalt . . ." is laid down, one's first thought is, "And what if I do not do it?" It is clear, however, that ethics has nothing to do with punishment and reward in the usual sense of the terms. So our question about the *consequences* of an action must be unimportant.[7]

What both passages embody is, of course, that aspect of ethics which philosophers have classified as the *deontological*, namely that aspect in which obligation immediately intuited as independent of ulterior aims and consequences comes to the foreground. Opposed to it is the *teleological* or *utilitarian* aspect in which the purpose of bringing about a particular state of affairs comes to the foreground.

In short both Tolstoy and Wittgenstein appear in these passages as deontologists rather than utilitarians in ethics. It is important to emphasise that in both the Tolstoy and the Wittgenstein we have the feeling that the trenchant statement of this philosophic position has come about as the result of the pressures of lived-through decisions, and not just arisen from the sort of fondness for "talking about philosophy" we associate with such types as Tolstoy portrays in Levin's acquaintance Katavasov or Levin's half-brother Koznyshev (that "experienced dialectician").

IT MIGHT BE THOUGHT that Levin's taking goodness so firmly out of the "phenomenal" world of "cause and effect" arises from a study on Tolstoy's part of Kant—whom Levin is referred to as reading along with Plato, Spinoza, Schelling, Hegel, and Schopenhauer—"those philosophers who explained life other than materialistically." It is interesting to note, therefore, that though Tolstoy's secretary Gusev notes that Tolstoy read Kant in May-August 1869[8] (without specifying the particular work of Kant's) he also explicitly records that Tolstoy read through Kant's main purely ethical work *The Critique of Practical Reason* "for the first time" in October 1887, that is ten years after the completion of *Anna Karenina*. Tolstoy's sense that there was a difference between the noumenal world of the will known directly in consciousness, and the phenomenal world of cause and effect known indirectly by inference was almost certainly derived from Schopenhauer, in whom the distinction is central, and for whom both Tolstoy and Wittgenstein had an immense admiration.

Tolstoy first read Schopenhauer in September 1868 when he was finishing *War and Peace*, and the influence of the philosopher can surely be seen in certain passages in the second epilogue. Gusev quotes Tolstoy's remarks on the "unbearable ecstasy" into which reading Schopenhauer threw him. He found *The World as*

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[6] *Anna Karenina* (tr. Maude, World's Classics, 1951), part VIII, ch. XII, p. 413.

[7] *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* (tr. Pears and McGuiness, Routledge, 1961), prop. 6.422, p. 147.

[8] N. N. Gusev, *Letopis' Zhizni i Tvorchestva L'va Nikolaevicha Tolstogo, 1828-1890 (Moskva,* 1958), pp. 363, 679.

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Will and Representation "a succession of intellectual delights" and "a whole world in an unbelievably clear and beautiful reflection." In the letter of 30 August 1869 to his friend, the poet Fet, that contains the above remark, Tolstoy says he has learned more that summer than any student in his course. He even thought of collaborating with Fet on a translation of Schopenhauer into Russian, but eventually left Fet to proceed with this alone.

WE HAVE SEEN THAT both Tolstoy and Wittgenstein emphasise the deontological aspect of ethics as opposed to its teleological or utilitarian aspect. Now Schopenhauer emphasised this aspect of ethics too, and even more strongly than Kant, though Kant is usually considered the supreme deontologist. In fact in his "Criticism of the Kantian Philosophy", an appendix to *The World as Will and Representation*, Schopenhauer actually attacked Kant's ethics as being, of all things, *too* teleological. Schopenhauer is particularly unhappy about Kant's notion that the practical reason dictates an *ought* or categorical imperative for it seems to Schopenhauer that an *ought* which did not imply punishment or reward would be meaningless. An unconditioned *ought* is a "*contradictio in adjecto.*" In implying punishment or reward the *ought* makes virtue not disinterested and deontological, but contingent on bringing about a certain state of affairs and, therefore, teleological. The "categorical imperative", in fact, obscured what was for Schopenhauer Kant's great service to ethics, namely the fact that Kant "freed ethics from all principles of the world of experience, particularly from all direct or indirect eudaemonism, and showed quite properly that the kingdom of virtue is not of this world. . . ." It was Kant's "moral theology" of which Schopenhauer disapproved, precisely because it wedded virtue to happiness. Schopenhauer was anxious to affirm that "all virtue in any way practised for the sake of a reward is based on prudent, methodical, far-seeing egoism". Wittgenstein tries to solve this problem in the *Tractatus* by making reward and punishment not *consequential* to an action, but somehow resident in the action itself.[9]

[9] Arthur Schopenhauer, *The World as Will and Representation* (tr. Payne, 1966), vol. 1, pp. 523-4. *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, prop. 6.422, p. 147.

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How ironic it is, therefore, that Wittgenstein should have admired the *later* Tolstoy—in whom, as Shestov pointed out, the influence of Kant's *Critique of Practical Reason* (first read by Tolstoy in 1887) comes to the fore.[10] To "serve the good" (the very principle which Levin had rejected) is the aim this later Tolstoy emphasises most. Moreover that aim has (as Shestov emphasised) a very concrete further goal, namely the reward of "perfect peace of soul and ease of conscience." In short, the ethics is teleological, not deontological like Levin's. I think Shestov is only mistaken when he gives the impression that the aged Tolstoy actually enjoyed this reward more continuously than was the case. In fact the aged Tolstoy rarely knew peace and was much more frequently torn in two by conflict.

Tolstoy's later ethical and religious writing certainly bears out Shestov's contention of a move to a Kantian stance and away from Levin's position. In "What is Religion and Wherein Lies its Essence", published in 1902 (two years after Shestov's study of his work), Tolstoy identifies the "spiritual" with the "rational." The irreligious man, (he argues) commits actions under the influence of his feelings and then invents explanations to justify them. The man who has "some religion", on the other hand, decides by "the use of his reason on the necessity or desirability of a certain action or actions" and then behaves accordingly. The later Tolstoy also deprecates the fact that children are taught "the absurd, immoral dogmas of so-called Christian religion, irreconcilable with our reason and knowledge".[11]

It might appear that when (as Malcolm reports) Wittgenstein said of his friends Yorick Smythies and G. E. M. Anscombe, who had become Roman Catholics, "I could not possibly bring myself to believe all the things that they believe", he shared the later Tolstoy's "enlightened" attitude to miracle and dogma. But Malcolm puts a contrary interpretation on Wittgenstein's remark. He says: "I think that in this remark he was not disparaging their belief. It was rather an observation about his own capacity. . . ." In fact Wittgenstein's attitude was once more much closer to that of

[10] Lev Shestov, *Dostoevsky, Tolstoy and Nietzsche* (tr. Roberts, Ohio U.P., 1969), p. 40.
[11] "What is Religion . . .?" in Tolstoy, *Essays and Letters* (tr. Maude, 1903), pp. 313, 325.

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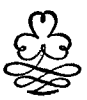

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Levin towards the religious beliefs of Kitty and the peasants than to that of the later Tolstoy whom he admired. The later Tolstoy ridiculed the fideism of Tertullian's *Credo quia absurdum* and thought it pernicious. Wittgenstein's views on God were nearer to the dark paradoxes of Kierkegaard than to those of the later Tolstoy who wrote that religion is a relation to God "accordant with reason and contemporary knowledge."

WE HAVE, IN FACT, in the aged Tolstoy a curious resurgence of the enlightened Deistical young Tolstoy who had admired Voltaire and Rousseau and wanted to found a new religion purged of dogma and accordant with the Enlightenment.[12] But we are worlds away from the Levin of *Anna Karenina* who thought:

> Was it by reason that I attained to the knowledge that I must love my neighbour and not throttle him? They told me so when I was a child, and I gladly believed it, because they told me what was already in my soul. But who discovered it? Not reason! Reason has discovered the struggle for existence and the law that I must throttle all those who hinder the satisfaction of my desires. That is the deduction reason makes. But the law of loving others could not be discovered by reason, because it is unreasonable.[13]

Here Levin is very close to Schopenhauer who had pointed out that "all times and all nations and languages" had, unlike Kant, distinguished behaving virtuously from acting rationally.[14] Schopenhauer saw virtuous conduct and rational action as, in fact, much more commonly the antithesis of each other. For him the Machiavellian is the rationalist *par excellence*. Schopenhauer agrees with Rousseau (whom the young Tolstoy admired almost to idolatry) when in the fourth book of *Emile* he opposes Conscience to Reason.

THE RUSSIAN CRITIC Boris Eikhenbaum has written of the influence of Schopenhauer on *Anna Karenina* in his book *Lev Tolstoi; Semidesiatye Gody* published in Leningrad in 1960. He even considers that Tolstoy took the epigraph "Vengeance is mine;

[12] See *The Private Diary of Leo Tolstoy*, 1853-1857 (ed. Maude, 1927), p. 114.
[13] *Anna Karenina*, part VIII, ch. XIII, p. 415.
[14] *The World as Will and Representation*, vol. 1, pp. 514-15.

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I will repay" from section 62 of *The World as Will and Representation;*—because the form in which Tolstoy first drafted it suggests a translation from Schopenhauer's German rather than a direct citation of the Slavonic Bible. Eikhenbaum rightly emphasises Tolstoy's concern with the problem of wrong-doing and punishment throughout the novel. Anna's last terrible (and erring) wish before she throws herself under the train is to punish Vronsky. The experience not only of Anna in her suffering, but also of Levin on the death of his brother Nicholas, and during the fits of depression when he is overcome by a sense of the meaninglessness of life, seems to bear out Schopenhauer's contention (in "On Man's Need for Metaphysics") that man's wonder in himself is intensified when he stands face to face with death. Schopenhauer sees "eternal justice" not as "retributive" (that is, the justice of human institutions) but as immanent in our very actions. This immanent justice seems to be the very kind Tolstoy is concerned with throughout *Anna Karenina,* and the kind which Wittgenstein envisages in the *Tractatus.*

In section 69 of *The World as Will and Representation* Schopenhauer condemned suicide (with which both Anna and Levin are at times obsessed, the former fatally so) as paradoxically the supreme affirmation of the will to live it appears to deny.

Three of Wittgenstein's brothers committed suicide. Wittgenstein himself was subject to Levin-like fits of depression. He came to call suicide "the elementary sin" in his *Notebooks* for 1917.

TOLSTOY WROTE to Fet on 10 May 1869 that he regarded the views on history, freedom, and determinism in *War and Peace,* particularly those in the epilogue, as not merely thought out in the abstract, but as drawn painfully from his guts. These views were as much a part of his being, drawn from his life experience, as Levin's on ethics. Nevertheless, in the same letter Tolstoy acknowledged that he had found confirmation of his views from another angle in Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Representation.* Of course, the fact that the world of *War and Peace* can be seen in Schopenhauerian terms is not surprising. Schopenhauer is, after all, concerned to present a picture of life that will accommodate all phenomena, a picture now of a struggle of multifarious wills which

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are really manifestations of one will, and now of a serenity which arises when we contemplate things not as "will," but as "representation" or "idea." What is striking, however, is not so much that the experience of Tolstoy's characters mirrors all this, but that when they step back from that experience and reflect on it they interpret it in Schopenhauerian mode.

Before the battle of Austerlitz, for example, Prince Andrew had desired nothing but "to be known to men." He had been willing to sacrifice his love of family and all dear to him for "a moment of glory". When he is wounded and no longer involved in the strife of the "will", however, it seems to him that the "lofty infinite sky" reflects not the struggle of particular things, but an essence of will-less, painless and timeless peace, beside which even the "lofty infinite sky" which symbolises it "does not exist." After such peace the very Napoleon who praises him (as earlier he had longed to be praised) becomes insignificant. Tolstoy, unlike Schopenhauer, sees such moments of non-conceptual knowledge not as confined to the genius, but as attainable by all reflective human beings. Finally Tolstoy's own ego (which has "constituted" fictional egos as different as Andrew on the one hand and Dolokhov on the other, or Pierre and Anatole) comes in the second epilogue, to a "world-view" which is close to Schopenhauer's.

Tolstoy, too, sets the world of history which is subject to the principle of sufficient reason and "external" relations or causes against the world of reflective consciousness with its transcendence of the principle of sufficient reason, its "internal" relations, its freedom from the chain of cause and effect. Tolstoy says that "consciousness" is a source of knowledge "quite apart from and independent of reason."[15]

He takes our ability to raise our hand and let it fall voluntarily as "an irrefutable demonstration of freedom." But I think he would have accepted Schopenhauer's contention that it is an error to suppose that such an ability is an "empirically given, absolute freedom of the will." The will, for Schopenhauer, only has "transcendent" (not empirical) freedom in that it stands outside the world of cause and effect, the world that Tolstoy sees as "subject to reason." It seems to us, as spectators of our own actions, that we are free; but Tolstoy rebukes the self-confident naturalists of his day for not seeing that thousands of years ago the "law of necessity" for which they were propagandising was acknowledged by "all the religious and philosophic theories." Schopenhauer had emphasised the same point when he wrote that "the great thinkers of all ages, and the more profound religious teachings" had denied complete freedom in individual actions.

TOLSTOY, THEN, SEES the world of cause and effect as the world of logic and reason. He writes: "from the point of view of reason man is subject to the law of necessity. . . ." Man's consciousness of freedom arises not from inference but from consciousness of volition. With Tolstoy, as with Schopenhauer, man "*knows* himself in consequence of, and in accordance with, the nature of his will, instead of *willing* in consequence of, and according to, his knowing." Hence the great emphasis in Tolstoy's work on the power of self-deception. We see things as we *will* to see them, not as, in themselves, they really are.

[15] *War and Peace* (tr. Maude, World's Classics, 1954), vol. 1, bk. 3, ch. XII, p. 347; ch. XVI, p. 369; second epilogue, ch. VIII, p. 519.

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IT IS JUST THIS PREOCCUPATION with the central and mysterious role of "the will" in human life which appears in some of the most cryptic passages towards the end of the *Tractatus* as well as elsewhere in Wittgenstein's work.[16] At one point Wittgenstein states that the freedom of the will lies in the fact that it cannot know "actions that still lie in the future." Tolstoy's example of voluntarily raising one's arm cited earlier does not conflict with this for Wittgenstein sees the connection of knowledge with what is known as that of logical necessity at this point and one's "knowledge" of one's intention to raise one's arm does not mean that it is logically necessary that one will do so.

In his *Philosophical Investigations* Wittgenstein recurs to the question of willing and uses the stock example of raising one's arm voluntarily as "the region in which we say significantly that a thing doesn't simply happen to us, but that we *do* it." But he rejects the wish (which Tolstoy perhaps has when he uses the example in the epilogue) "to think of willing as an immediate non-causal bringing about." Wittgenstein also considers the expression "I am going to take two powders now." He points out that I do not make such a prediction "on the ground of observations of my behaviour." He seems neither to want to affirm nor deny that the relation between such a prediction and its fulfilment is a causal one.[17]

According to the *Tractatus* "the will" belongs to "the philosophical self" or "metaphysical subject" which stands at the limit of the world somewhat as the eye stands at the limit of the visual field. The will no more sees its willing than the eye sees its seeing. Psychology can deal with the will only as phenomenon. But for Wittgenstein, as for Schopenhauer, the will also exists as a noumenon which cannot be dealt with by empirical science. When "the philosophical self" manages to solve the problem of life (which for Wittgenstein as for Schopenhauer and Tolstoy consists in "a *wonder or*

[16] Von Wright points out that Wittgenstein's notebook for the year 1916 deals with "the ego, the freedom of the will, the meaning of life, and death" and says the notes "show how strong were the impressions Wittgenstein had received from Schopenhauer." These notes were the basis for the remarks on ethics in the *Tractatus*.

[17] *Philosophical Investigations* (tr. Anscombe, Blackwell, 1968), no. 612, p. 159e; no. 613, p. 159e; no. 631, p. 163e; no. 632, p. 163e.

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astonishment" about the world and our own existence), it does so by seeing life in such a way that the problem vanishes. But it cannot explain in words to another how it has come to such a solution.

So Pierre in *War and Peace* finds peace and harmony not by reasoning and quests and experiments, but by experiencing "the extreme limits of privation a man can endure." So Natasha feels that what she and Princess Mary had lived through and experienced at Prince Andrew's deathbed "could not be expressed in words." So when Levin thinks about what he is and why he lives he is driven to despair, but when he leaves off this questioning and just lives the answer seems to come to him.

Wittgenstein and Tolstoy—these two great masters of language come, in the end, to the state of mind Engelmann has characterised as "wordless faith." In this state of mind one feels no need either to affirm or deny metaphysical beliefs. Schopenhauer in his "On Man's Need for Metaphysics" still sees as possible what he calls an immanent metaphysics (one drawn from experience and not constructed *a priori)* which would give us "the correct and universal understanding of experience itself, the true interpretation of its meaning and content." Neither Tolstoy nor Wittgenstein abandoned the quest for such a "true interpretation." But they certainly both passed beyond the need to have what one might call "metaphysical opinions", and in a way one is not sure that Schopenhauer managed to do. Tolstoy would surely have assented to Wittgenstein's magnificent aphorism:[18] "My attitude towards him is an attitude towards a soul. I am not of the *opinion* that he has a soul."

[18] *Philosophical Investigations* part II, IV, p. 178e.

The Problem of Secularisation

Where Has All The Religiosity Gone?—By DAVID MARTIN

WHEN Alasdair MacIntyre rightly commented in "Gods and Sociologists" (ENCOUNTER, March 1970) that the key issues of Sociology have tended to arise with respect to Religion, he might also have singled out the concept and process of secularisation as a key issue of peculiar difficulty.

Vernon Pratt begins his lively and intelligent *Religion and Secularisation*[1] by citing suggestions to the effect that secular society is typically characterised by the quest for rational procedures to ensure that things work, by this-worldliness and neglect of "the sacred", by tolerance and pluralism. He then argues that this "typicality" does not involve common, key features but only a "family resemblance." That done he largely abandons secularisation in favour of showing that "God" is unintelligible because He is neither a logical conclusion, nor an experimental fact, nor securely insulated in a "form of life." W. D. Hudson, his general editor, claims that Mr Pratt is writing about the putative *fact* that our current presuppositions are atheistic: *i.e.* we no longer find the finger of God in empirical events. Of course, you can define "secularisation" in that narrow way if you like; it's a pity Mr Pratt wrote a book about something else.

In Mrs Scharf's work[2], much more of the relevant conceptual complexity appears, especially where she discusses the definition of religion, functional theories, the differentiation of church and state, Weber's cognate concept of "rationalisation", and also where she reviews the historical processes involved. She employs three usages.

Firstly, secularisation describes a process of separation of religious from political, legal, economic, scientific, and other institutions. Now, in this sense, one can indeed adduce a great deal of evidence for secularisation (especially with regard to the separation of church and state), though Mrs Scharf points to counter-examples even here (*e.g.* Pakistan).

DAVID MARTIN *teaches sociology at the London School of Economics. His book "The Religious and the Secular" appeared in 1969 and "A Sociology of English Religion" in 1967. His previous contributions to* ENCOUNTER *include "Black, Red and White" (February 1970), and "Visit to Inner Space" (August 1969).*

[1] *Religion and Secularisation.* By VERNON PRATT. Macmillan, 65p

[2] *The Sociological Study of Religion.* By BETTY R. SCHARF. Hutchinson, £1.65; paper 70p.

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and to the "Establishment" of secular religions like Communism. Secondly, secularisation refers to a decline in affiliation to (and participation in) the rites of religious bodies—though, again, it is not so easy to decide whether an interest (say) in Zen, or scientology, or in non-Christian practices of various kinds should be ascribed to the same phenomenon. Indeed, one might add there is a more pervasive difficulty which is that even when the formal shell of the "same" rite or institution stays similar over cultural time and space, its internal meaning, intensity, and the degree of faith or free assent involved varies in such a way as to make quantified data only semi-comparable. Thirdly, secularisation refers to changes in beliefs, categories of thought, attitudes to science and morality and general world views. This she adjudges peculiarly difficult to determine and in the one sphere where there is some agreement—a reduction in the idea of Providential or Magical intervention in the natural order—she immediately notes the relevant paradox, which is that this process also "makes religious beliefs more effectively monotheistic." Again, as regards science, she points to the fact that we can never be fully scientific, because science breeds scientism, because our enthusiasm overleaps the "coolness" of scientific method and appraisal, and (she might have said) because empirical propositions are inherently incapable of yielding evaluational criteria or world views.

When we say that "Science has displaced Religion" we refer only to an acceptance of certain methods with respect to the restricted types of questions to which they are relevant, and to the fact that a large variety of things once believed (such as the beliefs of scientists whose science was incorrect as well as those notions of religious believers which were empirical mistakes), are no longer believed to the same extent. But there is an element of tautology lingering here. Science has prestige because it is true and not false, and our definition of science is the method and substance of relatively well-established propositions. Clearly the prestige of *false* science is not very great, though there is a great deal of it in the social and historical reality of scientific institutions. Perhaps it would be better to talk less about the displacement of Religion by Science (as if there were always a fixed amount of ideological space for the two to exist in) and rather to trace, for example, the extent to which moral evaluations are made increasingly in terms of utility or human happiness and not in terms of God-given laws.

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secularisation, one needs to turn to the complexity of Christianity itself, notably in its sectarian varieties. This is discussed by Bryan Wilson in his scholarly and perceptive book *Religious Sects*.[3] The proliferation of sects in Christianity is not a history of curiosities but of logical branches from the central original stem of the Christian religion. In a restricted but important sense it is possible to "read off" the major contours of ecclesiastical and sectarian history alike from the New Testament, not simply because the New Testament contains embryonic sects but because the generative power radiating from that logic implies certain preferred paths, certain characteristic dilemmas and alternatives, certain interlocking contradictions and inevitable recoils. Not all are, of course, peculiar to Christianity, but their total and characteristic interrelation is entirely distinctive.

THE PARADOXES OF THIS LOGIC hold so great a degree of tension that no one type of social organisation is capable of sustaining them. The church usually manages to reduce their dynamism, while the sect takes one aspect of a paradox and exaggerates it. For example, the paradox of grace. This involves the command to "be perfect" because grace is sufficient; it also implies the reverse of perfection since all the categories of sin and all sinning are wiped out by the inexhaustible abundance of grace. This in turn plays into the paradox of immanence and transcendence and into the paradox of a religion which worships the Father *and* the Son. Again, perfection may be interpreted as actually assimilating man to God, so that perfect obedience to a transcendent imperative (the will of the Father) curves over into a concrete secularisation of God with no transcendent remainder. At this point the "manned" God begins to exercise the divine prerogatives in an entirely arbitrary way and commits every crime to prove he is above all law. Clearly this is a sort of parody of the Christian understanding of the incarnation itself, since for the traditional view transcendence and immanence, God and Man, law and grace, universality and particularised form, are perfectly poised.

At this point one has a preliminary indication of just how complicated the concept and process of "secularisation" is likely to be in a religion built up on such high tensions. In the traditional understanding, God is uniquely secularised in Christ, and grace rises above without destroying moral categories (the order and law of the Father). But in a sectarian variant the law and the imperative powers of the Father can collapse into a "Messiah" who is totally amoral and a dictatorial focus of authority. Or else grace "spills" over more comprehensively into every member of a sect, so that *their* organisation, *their* law and order, is the Kingdom of God on earth. Thus the Kingdom becomes a simple reality in secular history and "God" is unnecessary, even if traditional religious language happens still to be employed. All sorts of intermediate possibilities exist. Thus in the English Civil War one can see how the tight, high transcendentalism of Calvinism first embodied itself in the secular imposition of God's order on society and then, as recalcitrance built up, this type of "limited" secularisation curved round into the total immanentalism of the Diggers (where the vocabulary of religion is translated without transcendent remainder), and also into the Quakers, who hovered on the brink of immanence and for whom the secular power of the Calvinists' Word retreated into silence.

Clearly, "secularisation" is a *continuing possibility* within Christianity in a variety of forms: the rational (*i.e.* secular) intellectual ordering and the theocratic social embodiment of Calvinism, or the total translation of religious concepts into secular social realities found in the Diggers, or the near immanence of the Quakers which was also *less* secular by rejecting all liaison with the world and all worldly instrumentalities (*e.g.* force). Each of these varied secularisations was validated by a claim to be closer to the true *religion* of Christ, by contrast with the worldly compromises whereby Catholicism or Anglicanism assimilated themselves to the forms and imperatives of mundane social organisation—*i.e.* were "secularised" in a quite contrary sense. Thus the concept of "secularisation" is complex and confusing in Christianity because the notion is part of certain high paradoxes and is already inherent in the religion itself. This is why different observers are constantly claiming that this-or-that modern phenomenon is both a clear extension of Christianity and its final secularisation. Inter-denominational co-operation—ecumenism—or the adoption of secular political activism can equally be seen as due to a slackening of "essentially" religious convictions *or* as the proper extension of Christian charity and a dedication to the command "Thy Kingdom come on earth." It also makes the concept of secularisation vary somewhat as between the great world religions. In Islam the whole concept acquires the strong

[3] *Religious Sects*. By BRYAN WILSON. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £1.75, paper 80p

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simplicity of that particular religion, and in other religions the notion of such a contrast or paradox may not exist in the first place.

ONCE THIS COMPLEXITY is grasped one is better able to analyse two aspects of the situation we find in our contemporary and presumably "secular" world. One is the partly invisible religion of the Warmed Heart (a contributor to student ideology under the guise of the Authentic person), and the other is the undergrowth of "manipulative" practices with largely secular goals which is in important ways continuous with pre-Christian and para-Christian magic. Bryan Wilson pays particular attention to both: to the religions of the "Warmed Heart" (broadly classifiable as Methodist-Evangelical-Fundamentalist-Pentecostalist) and to what he calls manipulationist religion.

To take the "evangelical" group, they are for various reasons only weakly sectarian. As Dr Wilson puts it, they are often pre-sectarian and rapidly become post-sectarian. The particular form of exaggeration which belongs to evangelicalism conflicts with what Dr Wilson regards as a prime mark of sectarianism: "exclusivity." On most issues they are just ordinary Protestants of a strongly Biblicist variety; but on the central point where they adopt a particular emphatic variant of a Christian paradox—the primacy of the "Warmed Heart" over all social forms, rites, and institutional boundaries—they begin to break through the normal and distinctive exclusiveness of sectarian organisation as conceived by Dr Wilson. This is not to say, of course, that these boundaries may not be reformulated, even in a highly exclusive form, by those who regard *their* hearts as the *only* ones which are *truly* warmed.

Now once the religion of the "Warmed Heart" is disseminated in a given culture, it may or may not also be institutionally strong. But it operates vigorously outside those objective forms of membership and of conformity to rite most easily open to sociological analysis. The "ship" of the Church breaks up and floats about in general culture without the name and place of origin being always indentifiable. Once this happens you can label that partial break-up as itself "secularisation"; or you can see it as a return to the "seed" analogy of the gospel. The task of determining secularity by objective indices becomes immensely difficult.

TURNING TO Bryan Wilson's "manipulationist" type of religion, it is allied to another type

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which he labels "thaumaturgical". They bear a common "imprint of secularity" through their emphasis on a technology (psychic or quasi-naturalistic) for manipulating the world in one's own favour. While this emphasis acquires particular modern forms, its characteristic attitude is a persisting trait over very many centuries, and it is radically different from prayerful worship within a demarcated communitarian body such as the Church or a Sect. Of course (as Keith Thomas shows) manipulative magic can invade even the most profound rites of Christianity.

Some of this complexity, as it is found in our contemporary world, is reflected and expertly summarised in the Report of the Church and State Commission.[4] Here the primary purpose of examining secularisation in the sense of an appropriate differentiation of Church and State requires a subtle account of the condition of religion in English culture. The Commission's proposals reflect a complex reality. They recognise that some further internal independence for the Church is appropriate. But they are sensitive to the way a widespread identification with the notion of "being Christian" is symbolised at the state level, to the historic social identity associated with this—and to a general, diffuse, inarticulate, non-institutional "Christianity" which is part decency, part ancient superstition, and part the consequence of successive limited christianisations by Catholic, Puritan and Evangelical elements.

It is here that one turns to the detailed evidence of this process provided by Keith Thomas.[5] In an original work of fine historical discrimination, he shows the extent of scepticism (at the aristocratic level), and of apathy, ignorance, disbelief, irreverence, irregular practice and this-worldliness in the people as a whole during the 16th and 17th centuries. He points up the difficulty of simply regarding the Middle Ages as "ages of faith" when, in fact, faith was partly subverted by magical works—both non-Christian magic and the counter-magic which the Church itself was obliged to develop.

The central point is that the theory of Secularisation, conceived as an inevitable historical process Away from "Religion", depends on a firm statement of the criteria of secularity by which this is asserted to have

[4] *Church and State*. Report of the Church and State Commission. Church Information Office, 60p

[5] *Religion and the Decline of Magic*. By KEITH THOMAS. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £8.00

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taken place and a careful historical discussion of varying trends in relation to each criterion. It is also particularly important to distinguish trends in the history of ideas from the religious history of the people as a whole. Obviously there is a distinction to be made between changes at the level of the history of ideas and those notable changes consequent on Industrialism. Commentators like Alasdair MacIntyre and Peter Laslett have stressed Industrialism, but Thomas brings forward a mass of evidence to show that "Not enough justice has been done to the volume of apathy, heterodoxy, and agnosticism which existed long before the onset of industrialism. . . ." Even when people put in "a reluctant appearance", their behaviour consisted of irrelevant and irreverent activities. It is a curious fact that contemporary England, though vaguely believing in God, is comparatively unbelieving as regards the life-to-come. It appears this, too, may be a *persistent* trait of English culture. It is not surprising, says Thomas,

> that in the reign of Charles II, Dudley, the fourth Lord North, came to the view that the number of contemporaries who believed in life after death was very small "especially among the vulgar. . . ."

Indeed (as Christopher Hill has suggested) many of the poorer classes never became regular church-goers, then as now. Thus, in several important senses, *secularity is not new* or uniquely pervasive, and the successive attempts at Christianisation by Catholic, Puritan or Evangelical forces were *very partial.*

THE MASSIVE LEARNING of R. C. Zaehner's *Concordant Discord*[6] introduces the final element in the secularisation issue. "Secularisation theory" has to be part of large-scale historical construction and such construction partly rests on a variety of more or less explicit assumptions, ideological predilections, aesthetic shapings, each contributing to concepts of repetitive rhythms, of imbalances and restored means, or of "the long term direction of history."

Characteristically, such construction subsumes seemingly disjoined units into wider and wider entities. It re-arranges particular historical meanings within "wider meanings", usually according to its own philosophical notion of what is the concordant inclusive vision and what is the potentiality of man. In this way human history acquires "crucial

[6] *Concordant Discord.* By R. C. ZAEHNER. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £4.00

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axes"; significant time is separated from insignificant time; schemata, sequences, and periods are proposed; and human Types delineated which are held to be appropriate to given Ages, *e.g.* the Promethean "Modern Secular Man." A comparison of such schemata or of the principles underlying rhythmic restorations of balance would be particularly valuable if focused on the existent literature of secularisation theory (to select quite at random, in Desmond Morris, Parsons, Scheler, Comte, Bellah, Rieff, Bryan Wilson, Mary Douglas). In Mary Douglas there is a subtle scheme of which the only element which can be noted here is her emphasis on the existence of "secular primitives", that is to say, history is not a movement *from* the religious *to* the secular.

Bryan Wilson's secularisation theory is a development of Max Weber's notion of "rationalisation". In Marx, for example, the schemata are based on reductionist premises and on doctrines of mundane salvation for which the eventual redundancy of religion is less historically uncovered than philosophically required. (Marx is quite important for Zaehner, but he sees Marx as creating an "imbalance" by tearing the religious heart from the heartless world and so a higher concordant synthesis is needed as sketched in Teilhard de Chardin.)

In Zaehner's historical construction there is the notion of an innate non-rationality in man which, if denied expression in religion, breaks out all the more destructively in, say, Nazism. His theory excludes (with the aid of C. G. Jung) the more paranoid threats and promises of the Protestant-Judaic God and the too-comfortable static secular humanistic civilisation of China. He reconciles the individualism and transcendentalism of the one with the solidarism and immanentalism of the other through a Catholic synthesis—it finds its appropriate bridge to the East in India (above all in the *Gita*). Indeed, Zaehner corrects the European bias of secularisation theory by summarising quite contrary tendencies in China and India. China, he says, exhibits almost the reverse development from India. In China a personal Lord of Heaven sinks to the level of a principle of rationality informing all Nature. In India the polytheism of Nature Gods develops into manipulative magic, into monism or dualism, then into a monotheism from which develops the Saviour God of the *Gita*. In the West itself Europe has been unique in taking its *civilisation* from Graeco-Roman sources for which religion was relatively peripheral: thus it came about that

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Christianity was led by Renaissance Popes who were "pagan in all but name."

Zaehner is perhaps best illuminated by being placed in juxtaposition to Bellah[7]. According to Bellah, we are being deluged by a new religiosity in which "all believe something", and which achieves characteristic expression in a free, personal, symbolisation of life, forming and reforming kaleidoscopically: a Protestant vision. According to Zaehner, modernity is characterised by materialistic apathy (and not by some putative metamorphosis of religion whereby all believe something). He notes what Bellah largely ignores. The Eastern sources of free, personal, symbolisation are threatened by an Ideology—and it is far from tolerant and pluralistic in the presumed modern manner, namely the integrating, dogmatic, bibliolatrous creed of Marxism, Zaehner is, of course, also interested in contemporary semi-Eastern cults of experience. But whether they are "religious" or not depends once again on criteria. He argues that the search for the "other God" within may be a return to the undifferentiated pre-social self, or to a cosmic identification with the All, or to a theistic mysticism. Discussion of "secularisation" in the modern era depends (as it does in all periods) both on a careful categorisation of the phenomenon under consideration and a careful statement of what criterion of secularity is being employed. As Thomas' account of the sixteenth century suggests: Does the revival of the ancient Babylonian science of Astrology (spreading downward from the élite) count as part of the secularity of that time? The mere fact that its scientific premises were wrong does not classify it as "religion", nor does the fact that many Christian people also believed it.

I hope I have at least suggested that so-called Secularisation is one of those problems where our sociologists run up against conceptual difficulties. If Mr Pratt is any indication, the philosophers can (or will) do little to help them. When a conceptual problem of unusual complexity is crossed with the problem of the shape or movement or direction in history, the difficulty is compounded. Of course there are identifiable long-term trends, *e.g.* the differentiation of church and state. But to label a whole variety of such trends as "secularisation" is to distort the complexity of human affairs within a concept which is obviously both incoherent and contradictory.

[7] See R. N. Bellah, "Religious Evolution", *American Sociological Review*, Vol. 29, 1964.

Miss Nott's Indictment

By Maurice Cranston

MISS KATHLEEN NOTT'S two recent books offer a spirited indictment of contemporary Anglo-Saxon philosophy, both in the academic and in the popular sense of the word. In *Philosophy and Human Nature*[1] she criticises the kind of scientific empiricism which is dominant in so many universities. In a *Soul in the Quad*[2] she criticises the scientific humanism which has become an increasingly fashionable *Weltanschauung* among educated people generally. In both books she pleads for another style of philosophy, and one which has been better preserved on the continent than in England or America, a style which admits no gulf between explanation and prescription, or between technical philosophy and *Weltanschauung*, and which fuses the concerns of the professional philosopher with those of the ordinary man.

Miss Nott is, of course, a poet as well as a philosopher, and her books can well be seen as a plea for the sovereignty of poetry as opposed to the sovereignty of science. She does not object to science as such, but rather to

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[1] *Philosophy and Human Nature*. By KATHLEEN NOTT. Hodder and Stoughton, £2.75

[2] *A Soul in the Quad*. By KATHLEEN NOTT. Routledge, £3.15

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that attitude towards science which has been characteristic of Anglo-Saxon empiricism since the time of Francis Bacon. For Bacon was the first to proclaim the idea that science could save us as well as the idea that science consists of the organised observation of the regularities in nature. The first of these Baconian ideas inspires scientific humanism, which Miss Nott suggests is less a form of humanism than of humanitarianism, since its goal is the postponement of death and the diminution of human misery. Her objection to it is that it mistakes information for knowledge, and utility for morality. The second Bacon idea, that science rests on induction, leads to the conclusion that the speculative knowledge of metaphysics is not knowledge at all. Hence the philosopher who subscribes to Baconian empiricism has no option other than *harakiri*; for philosophy is eliminated from everything except the servile role of providing a "grammar of science", which the scientist does not want.

Other writers have challenged the sovereignty of science, but Miss Nott's books stand out because they are based on a thorough knowledge of what has been done in recent years in academic philosophy and in general scientific theory, so even those readers who are not persuaded by her argument will at least acquire a good inkling of what the behaviourists, psycho-analysts, linguistic philosophers, ethical evolutionists and the rest of us are up to. She is, at the very least, a marvellous teacher, with a witty tongue and a powerful cane, and one cannot help feeling sometimes rather sorry for the worthy liberal and progressive backsides on which her blows fall. Are they not, after all, a harmless crowd?

Miss Nott very clearly does not think so. And one of the reasons is that she is herself a humanist in a different—and older-established—sense of the word "humanist" than are her victims: that is to say, she is (in the words of the dictionary) one "devoted to the studies which promote human culture." She believes in the classical tradition which Bacon wished to overthrow. And she is disturbed by the presence in the Baconian tradition of a fierce element of philistinism (the contribution, I believe, of Locke rather than of Bacon himself), which detests poetry and the useless arts, and hates to waste its thoughts on things that cannot be empirically verified and measured. Miss Nott shows very effectively how this "scientific humanitarianism" ends up with a conception of man either as a machine or as a kind of complicated rat.

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THE ALTERNATIVE TRADITION in philosophy to which Miss Nott appeals is, as she explains it, the tradition "whose standard of reality is the way the world has been looked at and thought about and described and accounted for by real human beings." And real human beings, she goes on to say, have to live and choose, to face moral problems, and bear the responsibilities which flow from their freedom. This experience and this engagement, she suggests, "seeks a language which . . . expresses its universal concepts and claims in concrete terms, very often in images, or else aphoristically." It is at this point that Miss Nott moves from philosophy to poetry.

She is naturally sympathetic to Existentialism, at least in its earlier forms, when even Sartre himself spoke of literature as being the most appropriate medium for formulating conceptions of existence and reality. But Miss Nott is disappointed with the later Sartre, who in turning to politics and social science has gone over to the ranks of those theorists who "think that everything can and ought to be made finally explicit." Miss Nott believes that the most important truths are precisely those which resist, or elude, clear and distinct utterance.

Miss Nott draws on both C. S. Peirce and Collingwood to adumbrate, if not fully to articulate, a type of philosophy which reaffirms the uniqueness of the human person, reclaims men's freedom from the determinism of the scientists, and which looks to a literary language, particularly a poetic one, to communicate most successfully those few insights and glimpses of reality which our experience affords us. In short Miss Nott's two vigorous and stimulating books, being mainly critical, point to a third in which we may hope that she will one day set out in greater detail the speculative and constructive features of her own kind of humanism. The empiricist philosophers have robbed us of Mind and Self and virtually everything but movement: Miss Nott promises to give us back something we had almost forgotten we possessed, a soul.

The Moralists

Values & Choices—By G. J. WARNOCK

TO READ THESE EIGHT BOOKS in fairly rapid succession—none bad, some admirably good—is an unnerving experience. Somehow all recognisably belong to the same subject; but the view from the window, so to speak, changes utterly from one stage to the next—from desert to icefield, midland suburb to tropical jungle—with correspondingly sharp and extreme changes of temperature; and at times one view makes one doubt one's recollection of another. Perhaps most philosophical landscapes have something of this Protean instability, but on this score moral philosophy must surely lead the field. No doubt that is why some philosophers regard it with abhorrence.

Mr Hudson's book[1] offers a usefully comprehensive introduction and dwells resolutely in temperate climes (with some tendency to dryness). But even here issues will not quite stand still to be scrutinised. We seem at first to be concerned with problems about *language*—are moral judgments emotive, prescriptive, descriptive?—or about *logic*—can "is"-propositions entail "ought"-propositions? But are we? The claim that moral language is emotive has a tendency to turn into a disquieting thesis about people—that people do not have reasons for their judgments or do things for reasons, but are interlocked with others in obscure emotional conflicts in which no one is right or wrong, but the stronger wins. It is possible, as Professor Williams and others argue in Mr Casey's collection,[2] to construe emotivism as merely part of a less radical doctrine; but if

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[1] *Modern Moral Philosophy*. By W. D. HUDSON. Macmillan, 75p

[2] *Morality and Moral Reasoning*. Edited by JOHN CASEY. London, Methuen, £2.50; New York, Barnes & Noble, $8.80

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it is seriously offered as the whole story, then what seems to be at issue here is not language, but Freud.

The thesis that moral language is "prescriptive", and the *is-ought* business, can again be discussed at a most drily linguistic level. What is the relation between indicative and imperative sentences? Can imperatives entail or contradict other imperatives? How far can one distinguish what a sentence *means* from what a speaker *does* in uttering that sentence? Can "institutional" facts, such as that I have promised to marry you, entail "evaluative" conclusions, such as that I ought to do so? But even in Mr Hudson's sober pages, these highly academic issues turn into something else. What—the question arises—do we take "morality" to *be*? Do we take it that there are, independently of ourselves and therefore in some sense "in the world", moral principles and standards by which at any rate some moral judgments just are (and could be known and shown to be) right, and others wrong? Or do we see "the world" as a wholly neutral, value-free setting, thickly colonised by scientists, to which values—moral values and others—must somehow be *assigned* by our own choice, by our wills, by "commitment"? We seem a long way here from questions about moral language, though of course there are connections—if there are somehow independent moral principles, then moral judgments may be, and may be known to be, true or false; but if there are not, in moral utterance I am not really asserting, but rather making decisions, choosing, "prescribing."

WE FIND NEXT, on each side of this great divide, what might be called hot and cool versions of the opposing theses. That moral values are not found in the world, but are put into it by our own free decisions, is a position propounded, of course, with terrific rhetoric and drama, by continental Existentialism (discussed here, unrhetorically, by Pratima Bowes[3]). We have the picture of man, in the chilly vacancy of his absolute freedom, facing Ajax-like his blank, recalcitrant world, and bravely shouldering his burden of total commitment therein. With writers in English the temperature is seldom so high. Mr Glover, in his excellently measured and lucid *Responsibility*,[4] holds

[3] *Consciousness and Freedom.* By PRATIMA BOWES. London, Methuen, £2.75; New York, Barnes & Noble, $8.00

[4] *Responsibility.* By JONATHAN GLOVER. London, Routledge & Kegan Paul, £2.25; New York, Humanities Press, $5.50

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indeed that morality cannot be located in the world, since people may "adopt" quite disparate moral principles; he sees no great drama in this conclusion, however, and holds that the responsibility of most agents for their actions is neither heroically absolute nor despairingly nil. Mr Hudson inclines to agree with the coolly argued contention of R. M. Hare that morality is ultimately a matter for decision; but he not only mentions some rather strong reasons for rejecting that view, but also accepts it without any evident excitement. In spite of this Iris Murdoch alleges, in her own most curious and interesting book,[5] that the position, however flatly stated, is really "romantic." She sees in it inescapably a picture of the solitary will, of the decision-making agent *contra mundum*, which offers at least the materials for Existentialist drama even in those writers whose own manner is most carefully undramatic. (That she should call Hare and Hampshire "romantic" seems at first rather as if, say, Verdi were to charge, say, Boccherini with a taste for melodrama; but she is alluding, of course, to the message, not to the medium of its expression.)

Among those on the other side of the fence there is a good deal of quiet agreement. Those who hold that morality is in no real sense a matter of choice, that one cannot make something morally right by deciding that it is, and that facts can really settle at any rate some disputed moral issues, seem for the most part to adopt positions that clearly derive, even if they also diverge, from classical Utilitarianism. This is what Mr Osborn's modestly argued Humanism[6] amounts to. It seems to be the unifying theme in Professor Downie's elaborate and wide-ranging survey of "social" ethics.[7] And it lurks perhaps, though a good deal more elusively, behind Mr Kupperman's studiously academic defence of the popular notion that there is such a thing as "ethical knowledge."[8] These are cool versions. Roughly, let us unambitiously agree that, lodged as we all are in human communities, we want to get along

[5] *The Sovereignty of Good.* By IRIS MURDOCH. London, Routledge & Kegan Paul, £1.40, paper 70p; New York, Schocken Books, $3.40, paper $1.75.

[6] *Humanism and Moral Theory.* By REUBEN OSBORN. Pemberton Books (second edition), £1.50, paper 60p

[7] *Roles and Values; an Introduction to Social Ethics.* By R. S. DOWNIE. London, Methuen, £1.60, paper 80p; New York, Barnes & Noble, $5.10, paper $2.70

[8] *Ethical Knowledge.* By J. J. KUPPERMAN. London, Allen & Unwin, £2.75; New York, Humanities Press.

THE STRUCTURE OF MODERN THOUGHT

J. P. McKinney

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rather better than we should do if the propensities of human nature were wholly unconstrained; let us take it that "morality" is supposed to contribute to this; it is then a question of what principles (standards, rules) will *in fact* prove conducive to the end in view—not an easy question, but one that looks in principle as if it should have an answer.

Here Iris Murdoch stands out as a very warm dissenter. Her objection to the picture of the solitary agent, making choices—"chucking one's weight about", as she uncharitably puts it—at the centre of the empty stage of a value-bereft universe, is not only that it is disagreeably, perhaps dangerously, romantic; she sees it also as unrealistic, and perhaps above all as not *necessary*. We do really believe, I think she holds, that our moral questions can have answers not prescribed by ourselves, but somehow discovered; what is needed is scrupulous attention to the cases before us, and watchfulness against the distorting influence of the exorbitant self. And this alternative picture of our moral situation, she holds, is not merely fanciful—we have at least as good a right to it as the Existentialist has to his. But what are we to attend *to*? Here Miss Murdoch does not, as do so many others, look at all in the direction suggested by Bentham or Mill. She draws her clues, not from that dryish source, but (romantically?) from Plato. It is the Good, she says, that in morality is the fundamental subject of inexhaustible exploration—not lawyer-like notions of right and wrong, or the vague philanthropy of "the greatest happiness."

I find this worrying. For one thing, Miss Murdoch seems at times to be carried away by her own considerable eloquence. Though she concedes, in passing, that things do actually go better by and large if people practise virtue than if they do not, she speaks also, with evident approval, of "the pointlessness of virtue"—a phrase which, construe it how I may, seems inescapably to mean something silly. But more importantly, I do not see how she can really parry the charge of fancifulness, unless her thesis is taken to mean a good deal less than she wants it to. It could be read very well as a contribution to, so to speak, the phenomenology of moral experience—the way it seems to people to be, the picture they use. But we are meant to be able to take it as saying how things *are*; and that is not at all so easy. With Plato, the sovereignty of the Good appeared as a feature in a full-blown scheme of metaphysical truth. I believe that Miss Murdoch would not supply her thesis with a load of metaphysical scaffolding, but could it be that it needs some? Alternatively it could be part of a system of religious belief. On this she says explicitly that beliefs of that kind make no difference; but how that could be true, I cannot imagine.

Nets of Language

Between Sense & Nonsense — By PETER HACKER

WITTGENSTEIN DOMINATES the philosophical scene of the last half century. His *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* (1922) gave impetus to a style of philosophy preoccupied with the potentialities of formal languages for the succinct statement of ontological and metaphysical problems, and to a serious hope of providing final answers to problems so formulated. The *Philosophical Investigations* (1953) inspired a therapeutic conception of philosophy in which the dissolution of the pseudo-problems of philosophy is sought by uncovering the articulations of our conceptual scheme through painstaking attention to ordinary language and its use. He has been hailed as the "first philosopher of the age," and vilified as the source of the linguistic corruption and trivialisation of philosophy; but his work is disregarded by few.

The extensive professional interest in his work can be gauged by the useful 60-page bibliography of writings on Wittgenstein appended to K. T. Fann's elementary intro-

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duction to Wittgenstein's philosophy.[1] A Wittgenstein industry has sprung up, and its quality is not always commensurate with its quantity. The current output bears witness to this; heat is a substitute for light, and in a seller's market one can sell the same goods twice over. C. W. K. Mundle's book,[2] stylistically and doctrinally reminiscent of Ernest Gellner's notorious onslaught, represents Wittgenstein as instigator of a linguistic revolution in philosophy which (in Mundle's view) has led philosophers astray. R. Rhees has seen fit to put together eight of his previously published book-reviews and articles.[3] Books consisting of reviews of books about Wittgenstein's books cannot but be subject to some law of diminishing philosophical returns. The only interesting new paper in Rhees' collection is a discussion of Wittgenstein's philosophy of mathematics based on conversations with Wittgenstein in 1938. Pears' *Wittgenstein*,[4] however, is an important introductory book.

Pears emphasises the Kantian features of Wittgenstein's philosophy more than previous commentators. Wittgenstein reformulated Kant's questions concerning the *a priori* conditions of conceptualized experience in terms of the general conditions of the possibility of representation. The primary problem he tackled, first in the *Tractatus* in a classical Realist posture, and then in the *Investigations* in a radical Conventionalist stance, is—How is language possible? Both philosophers, Pears suggests, endeavoured to plot the limits of factual language, not in a positivistic spirit, but in an attempt to prevent the encroachment of science upon spheres of value which are beyond its competence. Pears traces the genesis of the Kantian nature of Wittgenstein's undertaking to Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer's influence upon the *Tractatus* is considerable; it is the source of the obscure transcendental solipsism, of the remarks about the metaphysical self, death, and immortality. But the Kantian features Pears emphasises come of a marriage of Hertz's ideas in the *Principles of Mechanics* and the problems raised by Bertrand Russell's Theory of Types.

Both Kant and Wittgenstein condemn metaphysics as transgressing the bounds of intelligibility. But whereas Kant's condemnation is confined to speculative metaphysics, Wittgenstein's encompasses his own work too. The *Tractatus* is the swansong of metaphysics. Critical philosophy is impossible, for to philosophise in the critical vein one must violate the fundamental rules of sentence formation in virtue of which what is sayable can be said. The *Tractatus* philosophy is nonsense. If this bizarre conclusion is unacceptable, one must also reject the salient doctrines of the book from which it follows.

The *Tractatus* contains two conflicting conceptions of philosophy. As practised in the book, philosophy consists of logic and metaphysics, and is concerned with describing logical syntax and metaphysical forms. The *Tractatus* describes the structure of language and the world, and endeavours to prove their necessary congruence. But, on the *Tractatus* theory of meaning, if the two structures are isomorphic, then the *Tractatus* sentences which attempt to describe them transgress the limits of language. Like all metaphysics the *Tractatus* is nonsense. But unlike previous metaphysics it is written in a spirit of self-consciousness. By working one's way through the *Tractatus*

[1] *Wittgenstein's Conception of Philosophy*. By K. T. FANN. Blackwell, £1.50

[2] *A Critique of Linguistic Philosophy*. By C. W. K. MUNDLE. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £2.50

[3] *Discussions of Wittgenstein*. By RUSH RHEES. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £1.75

[4] *Wittgenstein*. By DAVID PEARS. Fontana Modern Masters Series (Collins), 40p. One cannot but deplore the editorial policy of a series in which Marcuse, Guevara, and Wittgenstein rub shoulders under the title of "Modern Masters."

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one can come to apprehend the metaphysical boundaries of the world, and to appreciate that they cannot be caught within the net of language. Analogously to Kant's attitude to noumenal reality, the *Tractatus* is anti-metaphysical only in its denial of the *expressibility* of categorial necessities. What really matters —be it the form of the world, ethics, or religion—must be apprehended through what language shows, not by means of what it says.

Alongside this philosophical nihilism the *Tractatus* presents a legitimate function for philosophy; it must consist solely of logical analyses of non-philosophical propositions into their ultimate constituents. This is its elucidatory task. It has a further negative task of rebuking would-be metaphysicians by showing that their putative propositions are ill-formed and nonsensical. The positive task is Russellian rather than Kantian. The programme of logical analysis dominated the inter-war years, yielding gradually to the non-atomistic but equally Wittgenstein-inspired logical positivism.[5] The task of dissolution of metaphysics is Hertzian, though it has analogues in Kantian dialectic. This therapeutic view of philosophy dominates Wittgenstein's post-1929 work.

HOW IS THE LATER PHILOSOPHY related to the earlier? Until recently it was common to see the later work as a complete repudiation of the *Tractatus*. The wind is blowing the other way now.

Four dons from Leeds University have published an introductory Wittgenstein reading list[6] devised to emphasise the continuity between his philosophies. This controversial issue is discussed by Fann and Pears. There can be little doubt that Pears is right in claiming that the central Kantian theme remains constant. Wittgenstein's concern for the whole of his life was with the nature and structure of our conceptual scheme. This determines the continuity; the change stems from a deep re-orientation of his conception of the determinants of our conceptual framework which is probably attributable to Brouwer's influence. The *Tractatus* conceived of language as necessarily possessing a complete and unalterable structure, constituting a mirror of the structure of the world. There are no options for language, no alternative conceptual schemes. On the side of language we have predetermined syntactical forms; on the side of the world we have predetermined categorial forms and an array of eternal unchanging subsistent objects which, being the meanings of the ultimate elements of language, provide the foundations of language. The essence of the world is mirrored in the logical forms of propositions, the limits of the world in tautologies and contradictions, and the content of the world is described by contingent propositions whose truth is seen in their correspondence with reality. The only conceptual relations are those of formal logic. All necessity, though shown in language, is independent of language. All truth, though expressible in language, is independent of cognition or possible cognition.

This austere Platonist conception alters radically in Wittgenstein's later work. Instead of language mirroring ontology, ontology is now conceived of as nothing but the shadow thrown by our arbitrarily determined forms of representation upon a formless world. What had appeared to be inexpressible metaphysical realities, protected by a barrier of necessary silence, unassailable by contingent change, are now seen to possess only the unassailability of a shadow. This is indeed a deeper Kantian move, albeit with a powerful anthropocentric twist. Language has no foundations. The mind imposes upon nature its own forms, restricted by nothing but human tradition and general pragmatic considerations. There is nothing necessary about our conceptual scheme; rather, it determines what is necessary. Language is autonomous; it has no foundations. What appeared to be metaphysical connections between the ultimate constituents of the world are nothing but reflections of grammatical conventions correlating elements of language. The necessary structure of the world is merely the conventional limit of sense.

The artificial notation of formal logic had seemed not only to reflect the structure of reality, but also to capture the essence of language. This, Wittgenstein later saw, was illusion. The structure of language is to be found in the everyday use of language, in our mundane linguistic practices. Formal logic is a Procrustean bed into which language can only be squeezed at the price of monstrous distortion. Philosophy's search for structure must be "topographical", surveying what is open to sight, *i.e.* the ordinary use of language, and not "geological" as envisaged by the *Tractatus* programme for analysis.

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[5] Imported into England from Vienna in 1936 by A. J. Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic*, now published in paperback by Penguin Books at 30p

[6] *A Wittgenstein Workbook*. By CHRISTOPHER COOPE, PETER GEACH, TIMOTHY POTTS, ROGER WHITE. Published by Basil Blackwell, 60p. Excellent reading list though it is, one hopes that neither endeavour nor price will constitute a precedent for other dons.

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Are philosophers, then, grammarians *manqués?* If Wittgenstein's philosophical dialectic is the conceptual pathology of language, is structural linguistics not its underlying physiology?

This important issue is discussed directly or by implication in three recent collections: *Logico-Linguistic Papers,*[7] a most welcome volume of Strawson's valuable articles on philosophical logic, *Philosophy and Linguistics,*[8] a useful but grossly over-priced paperback collection of already well-anthologised papers, and *Language and Philosophy,*[9] containing the proceedings of three symposia, the most substantial of which is on Chomsky. Given the failure of the *Tractatus* Platonism, what remains betwixt therapeutics and grammar? If philosophy is to retain its autonomy and remain constructive, it must (as Strawson suggests) conceive of its task as that of constructing an *a priori* theory of language in a semantico-logical vein. Revealing the *a priori* structure of language is no less viable and important a task, and certainly no less Kantian an endeavour, for being nothing more than a clarification of what *we call* "language", and of its limits as we conceive it.

Nor is Wittgenstein's later philosophy as incompatible with such an endeavour as might seem. According to his later semantic theory the meaning of a proposition is determined by its criteria, *i.e.* those propositions the truth of which is non-inductive evidence for its truth. The idea of criterial nexus, a relationship unrecognised in classical logic, is a substantial element of the Wittgensteinian legacy. Its revolutionary implications for semantics and epistemology call out for systematic philosophical development. One disregards this obscure notion at one's peril. This is evident in Pears' inadequate account of Wittgenstein's private language argument. This serious flaw in an otherwise illuminating book is doubly unfortunate for it leads Pears to overlook the Kantian nature of the argument.

THE PRIVATE LANGUAGE ARGUMENT corresponds in the *Investigations* to the "Transcendental Deduction" and "Refutation of Idealism" in the *Critique.* Wittgenstein's Kantian ploy is to

[7] *Logico-Linguistic Papers.* By P. F. STRAWSON. London, Methuen, £2.75; New York, Barnes & Noble, $9.35.

[8] *Philosophy and Linguistics.* Edited by COLIN LYAS; "Controversies in Philosophy" series under the general editorship of A. G. N. Flew. Macmillan. Papermac edition, £2.00

[9] *Language and Philosophy, A Symposium.* Edited by SIDNEY HOOK; University of London Press, £3.25; New York University Press, $7.50.

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argue that the conditions of the possibility of self-ascription of experience are identical with the conditions of the possibility of knowledge of objects and other-ascription of experience. His crucial tool is the concept of a criterion. For although self-ascription of experience is criterionless (or, as Kant would have it, original), it is possible only in so far as the meaning of the concept self-ascribed is determined by behavioural criteria for its instantiation. Pears' whole emphasis is, misguidedly, upon the unteachability of the putative private language. It should be upon its subjective unintelligibility. The fundamental difficulty is not that the idealist cannot convey to others what he means. He cannot convey to himself what he means. Failing to appreciate this, Pears misunderstands Wittgenstein's rejection of the analogical argument for the existence of other minds. I can only correlate my experience and behaviour, and hence, analogically, others' behaviour and conjectural experience in so far as I can bring my experience under concepts. This requires possession of a criterially determined concept which I can underivatively apply to my experience. If this is possible the argument from analogy is redundant for the criterial link provides non-inductive evidence of others' psychological states. If it is not, the analogical correlation cannot be set up.

An experiential concept does not derive its sense from the object to which it refers, but from the criteria which justify its ascription. Pears sees that this rules out a crude idealist semantics. But what, he queries, if one accepted that the meaning of "*E*" is that experience which is non-inductively linked with given public criteria? Would this not allow that *E*, so linked, might for all that be a different kind of experience from person to person? So what is pleasure for the goose may be pain for the gander, although in so far as both sensations are linked with the same criteria they both fall under the same concept. Pears sees that Wittgenstein rejects this alleged possibility, but fails to bring out the correct grounds for his rejection. He conjectures that Wittgenstein's grounds are that on this view *E* refers to an inner experience which would be a detachable, dominant, factor in the word's meaning. He finds this unconvincing, and so indeed it is. Moreover it is not Wittgenstein's argument. What Wittgenstein is denying is not reference to "private objects", but private sense. One must take seriously the view that the sense of expressions referring to

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"private objects" is determined by public criteria. If one does, then the suggestion that different kinds of sensation might unknowably be correlated with the same criteria is unintelligible. For the concepts "kind of sensation" and "same, or different, kind of sensation" are only genuine concepts, only have sense, in so far as they too are determined by public criteria. If the conjecture that your pain, despite its links with public pain criteria, is different in kind from mine is to make sense, it must be possible to provide a criterially determined concept which picks out the putative difference.

Intuitions without concepts *are* blind. Wittgenstein's private language argument is a deep extension of this Kantian dictum by means of the criterial nexus. Like Kant's "Discipline of Pure Reason" it is a negative instruction. But it calls out for constructive development. This is a worthwhile task for contemporary philosophy.

Desert Island Bible

Variations on a Version — By ALEC VIDLER

IN "DESERT ISLAND DISCS", when Roy Plomley of the B.B.C. invites the shipwrecked interlocutor to choose a book for company, he invariably supplies the somewhat surprising information that there is a copy of the Bible and of Shakespeare already on the island. So far as I know, he has never said what version of the Bible is already there, but it is safe to assume that it is a copy of the so-called Authorised Version (*AV*).[1] If in such circumstances I were offered the choice of another book, I should be much inclined to ask for one of the modern translations of the Bible. There would be endless interest in comparing it with the *AV* and in reflecting upon the differences between them. Moreover, if my acquaintance with the Hebrew and Greek languages were less rusty than it is at present, it would be possible from the two English versions to try to reconstruct the original texts. The decision which of the modern versions to select would be of some consequence.

Within the last twenty years or so there has been a spate of new translations. C. S. Lewis was a poor prophet when in 1950 he said that he foresaw only two possibilities for the Bible whether in the Authorised or any other version: "Either to return as a sacred book or to follow the classics, if not quite into oblivion yet into the ghost-life of the museum and the specialist's study."[2] It is not so much the production of the new translations that has belied this prediction as the prodigious sale of several of them. I have over twenty of these new translations on my shelves; some are of the whole Bible, some of the Old Testament only, and some of the New Testament only. None of them is a literary masterpiece like the *AV*, but who would expect the present age to produce a version of the same literary quality, and with the same religious potency and enduring appeal? On the other hand, I have found that each of the new translations of which I have made any considerable use has its distinct merits as well as limitations—its apparently inspired moments as well as its flatnesses. When I am to preach upon a text of Scripture, I take care to consult all the versions at my disposal, for I cannot tell in advance which, in the particular instance, will have hit upon the most revealing rendering.

This is not to say that there are no grounds

DR ALEC VIDLER *was Dean of King's College, Cambridge, until 1966. Before going to King's as a Fellow in 1956 he was Canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. His numerous books include "Secular Despair and Christian Faith" (1941), "Essays in Liberality" (1957), "The Church in an Age of Revolution" (1961), and "A Variety of Catholic Modernists" (1969).*

[1] I say "so-called" because no one knows when, where, by whom or indeed whether the *AV* was "authorised." It is possible that more light may yet be thrown on this matter. It is only recently that a copy of the notes made by John Bois, one of the final revises of the 1611 version, has been discovered. A facsimile of them has just been published, together with an introduction and commentary and a delightful biographical sketch of John Bois by his contemporary, Anthony Walker. See Ward Allen, *Translating for King James* (Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £3.50). The best account of the numerous English versions of the Bible both before and since the *AV* is F. F. Bruce's *The English Bible* (Methuen, 1963).

[2] C. S. Lewis, *They Asked for a Paper* (1962), p. 50.

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on which to arrive at a general preference. For public reading in church, in the liturgy and on solemn occasions, I should nearly always prefer the *AV* or the Revised Standard Version (*RSV*)[3] which is still not so widely known in Britain as it deserves to be. It is a revision of the *AV*, of which it retains most of the virtues while having the advantages of being based on a much better text and of replacing blatantly archaic words and expressions with acceptable substitutes. The *RSV* has left little to be said for the Revised Version of 1881 (*RV*) except that its wooden literalness can serve as a convenient crib for students.

It is in private use, in individual and group study, and in what used to be called "Bible classes", that the new versions have already proved their value. Their value lies in the measure of success with which they catch and transmit in a more or less contemporary idiom the sense of the original Hebrew and Greek. Inevitably, they often jar upon those of us who were brought up on the *AV* and its enchanting rhythms, and there are some who make no attempt to get beyond their initial repulsion. But many lovers of the *AV* have been startled into a sudden understanding of passages that had hitherto had music perhaps but no meaning for them. I remember being told by an elderly anglican nun that she had never been able to make much of St Paul's Epistles till she read them in Ronald Knox's translation.

In any case, the new versions should not be judged by a literary comparison with the *AV*. They are to be judged by a comparison with the best available Hebrew and Greek texts and by their success or failure in communicating to the ordinary English reader of today what those texts said in their own time and setting; that is, they are to be judged by "the law of equivalent effect". Much critical energy and acumen have been misdirected because of the assumption that an absolute choice can and should be made between the *AV* and the new versions. This is a happy instance where we really can have the best of both worlds and where there is no good reason for becoming a partisan of one or the other.

AMONG THE NEW VERSIONS a line can be drawn between those that are the work of one translator and those that are the outcome of collaboration by a group of scholars (as was the *AV*, of course). Each of the former—such as *The Moffatt Bible*,[4] *The New Testament in Modern English* by J. B. Phillips,[5] and *The Authentic New Testament* by H. J. Schonfield[6]—naturally maintains a greater consistency of style and displays throughout the virtuosities and the idiosyncrasies of a single mind. A single translator can risk bold or ingenious renderings that would be checked or disapproved by a consortium of divines. Of the modern translations that are the product of collaboration there are now three that stand out and invite comparison with one another: *The New English Bible (NEB)*,[7] *The Jerusalem Bible (Jerus.)*,[8] and *The New American Bible (NAB)*.[9] The last of these has appeared most recently, though the *NEB* too was completed only in 1970. *NAB*, like *Jerus.*, is the work of a team of Roman Catholic scholars, and it should be borne in mind that in the Church of Rome during this century there has been a very remarkable revival of biblical scholarship as well as a new popular enthusiasm for Bible-reading. It was said not long ago that no religious book would become a best seller in France unless the word "Bible" was in its title.

It is not easy to place these three versions in an order of merit. A great wealth of learning, and of literary skill also, lies behind each of them, but the learning is not allowed to become ponderous since there was an overriding concern on everyone's part to present the Scriptures in a form that would make a lively and enlightening contact with the lay mind. It is no doubt for this reason that *Jerus.* and *NAB*, unlike *NEB*, provide a profusion of explanatory footnotes which will certainly be appreciated by many readers, though it has been estimated that only one reader in ten ever reads a footnote! For typographical excellence and for ease of handling the *New English Bible* receives the highest marks and the *New American Bible* the lowest. While I myself have savoured much in *Jerus.* —*e.g.*, "Are you people in Galatia mad? Has someone put a spell on you?"—I have an insuperable dislike of its practice in the Old Testament of speaking of the Deity as

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[3] Published by Thomas Nelson & Sons (1952).
[4] Hodder and Stoughton (standard edition), £1.75
[5] Collins (standard edition), £1.25
[6] Dennis Dobson, £3.00. In spite of its pretentious title and other irritating features, this version has some good points. An amended edition of it is being prepared.
[7] Oxford University Press & Cambridge University Press, £2.20
[8] Darton, Longman & Todd (standard edition), £6.50; (reader's edition) £2.20
[9] World Publishing Co., for The Catholic Press, $4.95

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"Yahweh", where both *NEB* and *NAB* stick to "the LORD." (Although "Jehovah" is a monstrosity to Hebraists, it has a resonance and a sacredness in English that "Yahweh" will never acquire. It was a merit of the American edition of the *RV* that it regularly spoke of Jehovah.) *NAB* seeks with some success to reproduce the characteristic styles of the various books in the Bible, which is after all a library rather than a book. *NAB* is also more literal and less literary than *NEB* and less disposed to cross the narrow line that divides translation from paraphrase. But there are occasions when it does better than the others. For example, its description of how Joseph was moved when he recognised Benjamin:

> Joseph had to hurry out, for he was so overcome with affection for his brother that he was on the verge of tears. He went into a private room and wept there. (*Genesis*, 43.30).

In the Jerusalem Bible this is:

> Joseph hurried out, for his heart was moved at the sight of his brother and he was near to weeping. He went into his room and there he wept.

And in the New English Bible:

> Joseph was overcome; his feelings for his brother mastered him, and he was near to tears. So he went into the inner room and wept.

IN THE END, I should choose the New English Bible as a companion for the Authorised Version on my desert island, mainly because, despite frequent blemishes,[10] it has, more often than the other versions, telling English renderings that show a more subtle and sensitive appreciation of the original Hebrew and Greek idioms. Here are three simple illustrations of the comparative superiority of the New English Bible:

1. When Ruth (1.17) refuses to leave Naomi, her mother-in-law, she says:

> "May Yahweh do this thing to me and more also, if even death should come between us!" *(Jerus.)*
>
> "May the LORD do so and so to me, and more besides, if aught but death separates me from you!" *(NAB)*
>
> "I swear a solemn oath before the LORD your God: nothing but death shall divide us." (*NEB*)

2. Is it not clear which version has the best translation of Jonah 1.15?

> And taking hold of Jonah they threw him into the sea; and the sea grew calm again. (*Jerus.*)
>
> Then they took Jonah and threw him into the sea, and the sea's raging abated. (*NAB*)
>
> Then they took Jonah and threw him overboard, and the sea stopped raging. (*NEB*)

3. In II Thessalonians 3.11 Paul has said that those who would not work should not eat, and he goes on:

> "Now we hear that there are some of you who are living in idleness, doing no work themselves but interfering with everyone else's." (*Jerus.*)
>
> "We hear that some of you are unruly, not keeping busy but acting like busybodies." (*NAB*)
>
> "We mention this because we hear that some of your number are idling their time away, minding everybody's business but their own." (*NEB*)

It is not however the *NEB* or any modern translation but the *AV* that on a desert island I should read aloud to the winds and the waves, and I should sing "*O ye whales, and all that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord*" rather than "*You dolphins and all water creatures, bless the Lord*" (*NAB*) or "*Sea beasts and everything that lives in water, bless*

[10] A few, but only a few, of these have been corrected in the final (1970) edition of the New Testament. There is a useful collection of reviews (both critical and appreciative) of the first edition in *The New English Bible Reviewed*, edited by Dennis Nineham (Epworth Press, 1965).

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the Lord" (*Jerus.*) or "*Bless the Lord, you whales and all that swim in the waters*" (*NEB*). Agreeable or nostalgic thoughts would be suggested even by some of the *AV*'s misleading translations, of which one of my favourites is Nahum's reference to the glory of "all pleasant furniture." It should, of course, have read "all pleasant things." . . .

Philosophical Differences

On The Uses of Texts — *By J. O. Urmson*

WHY DO PEOPLE begin to read and think about philosophical topics? Some are brought to it in the hope of clarification of problems already with them. Such men as Einstein and Brain had problems about the nature of physics and physiology; still more are led from a love of art to philosophical aesthetics, from fundamental moral perplexity to ethics, or from religious uncertainties to metaphysics. For such people the method of approach is naturally determined by their existing requirements; no new intellectual stimulation is needed. Some few, such as Somerset Maugham, turn to philosophy in middle life as a recreation.

But the vast majority of us are introduced to philosophy as a subject to be studied for a degree examination, perhaps willingly or even eagerly, but without any very specific demands or expectations. How should such as these be introduced to philosophy? The traditional British approach has been through the study of selected classical masterpieces in their entirety —Plato's *Republic*, Berkeley's *Principles*, Mill's *Utilitarianism*, and the like. Americans frequently start from an introductory textbook, often in conjunction with a book of readings containing characteristic excerpts from the great. If philosophy were just like science, the textbook method would obviously be the best; no budding physicist would be encouraged to turn to Newton's *Principia* as an introduction to mechanics. If philosophy were just like the arts the classics would clearly be the starting point; departments of English do not use synopses of the world's best books. But philosophy is not quite like either, and nobody knows for sure what is the best approach.

J. O. Urmson *is Fellow and Tutor in Philosophy at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; he was formerly Professor of Philosophy at Queen's College, Dundee, University of St. Andrews. His books include "The Emotive Theory of Ethics" (1969).*

Professor Antony Flew's *An Introduction to Western Philosophy*[1] is a combination of introductory textbook with classical readings which are woven into the text. It is intended both as a university course-book and for the reader who wants to know what philosophy is about. In chapters on a variety of central topics—value, immortality, God, freedom and determinism, doubt and certainty, perception and the scope of pure reason—Flew sets out and criticises the main positions, which he illustrates and in part states with substantial quotations from the great philosophers. He makes no effort to conceal his own positions, but seeks to be fair to all views. He realises that it is no use knowing many of the queer things that philosophers have said unless one is made to see why very intelligent men should say them. Whether this is the best sort of introduction to philosophy I do not know; but of its kind it is as good as one is likely to find. It will give readers a fair idea of what philosophers are about and will provide a good basis for going further. But it cannot have the white-hot intellectual excitement provided by a classic first statement of an intellectual position.

Daniel Taylor evidently does not believe either in Flew's approach or in any of the traditional approaches. He believes that one should start by thorough immersion in one or two central problems, the task of the guide being to introduce them in a way comprehensible to the beginner. Thus his book, subtitled *An Introduction to Philosophy*, is called *Explanation and Meaning*.[2] We are plunged straight into an examination of current views on the nature of scientific explanation, after

[1] *An Introduction to Western Philosophy: Ideas and Argument from Plato to Sartre.* By Antony Flew. Thames & Hudson, £4.20

[2] *Explanation and Meaning: An Introduction to Philosophy.* By Daniel Taylor. Cambridge University Press, £1.75

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which other types of explanation are considered. In the second half of the book theses and problems about meaning are in turn examined. What is not explicitly dwelt on is the question why much intellectual energy is worth devoting to this conceptual analysis, a topic to which Flew devotes a preliminary chapter. Probably Taylor would say that a suitable audience which has attended to him carefully will be able to see it for themselves. But some of us find that the most difficult part of the teaching of philosophy to beginners is just to make them see what philosophers are trying to do. Even gifted young people sometimes take a long time to see it; when they have done so, the rest is comparatively easy. But as an introduction to the problems of explanation and meaning for those who wish to be introduced to them Taylor's book can be recommended.

BEGINNERS in formal logic used to be expected to learn the doctrine of fallacies. It was a strange and arbitrary list of mistakes in reasoning, leavened by some quite amusing traditional illustrations and by quaint nomenclature. But while it is amusing, faintly, to call the use of threats the *argumentum ad baculum* (argument appealing to the stick), the intellectual illumination is yet fainter. The topic has dropped out of modern logic, more or less; error is held to be infinite in variety and not worth classifying. C. L. Hamblin, in his *Fallacies*[3] (of which a friend said that he hoped that the title was not an accurate description of the contents) tries to resuscitate the topic. He surveys the traditional doctrine, looks more closely at its source in Aristotle's *De Sophisticis Elenchis*, and then gives his own more rational treatment of the topic. It is competently done and will be of interest to the historian of logic, but scarcely to the non-specialist.

A notable feature of modern philosophical publication is the collection of essays from different hands. Sometimes they are on a single topic, sometimes their unifying principle is hard to discern. *Contemporary American Philosophy* (second series)[4] has as its aim "to present a cross-section of the philosophical thinking that has been taking place upon the American scene." When one speaks of German philosophy, one means philosophy in the idealist tradition; when one speaks of British philosophy one tends to think of the empiricist tradition. If one means anything more by "American philosophy" than philosophy written by citizens of the United States one means, probably, pragmatism and the new realism of the beginning of the century. But there are nowadays many and diverse philosophers in the United States, and they have no party line. Thus, this is just a book of essays with a tendency to discuss rather wide issues (D. D. Williams, "A Philosophical Outlook"; C. Hartshorne, "The Development of my Philosophy"). Some are good, my choice being W. K. Frankena's "The Principles and Categories of Morality" and R. Chisholm's "The Defeat of Good and Evil." Others are certainly acceptable.

But there are nowadays several hundred professional philosophers in England and thousands of them in the United States; most are encouraged by their philosophical pride and by the governing bodies of their universities to publish regularly. The academic environment is in danger of pollution by excessive verbiage. Few would be well advised to read all these essays.

[3] *Fallacies*. By C. L. HAMBLIN. Methuen, £2.75
[4] *Contemporary American Philosophy* (second series). Edited by J. E. SMITH. Allen & Unwin, £3.75

Other Books Received

A. W. H. Adkins. *From the Many to the One.* Constable £3.50

Matthew Arnold. *God and the Bible.* University of Michigan Press, $15.00, TABS, £6.75

Sri Madhava Ashish. *Man, Son of Man.* Rider & Co, £1.25

John Austin Baker. *The Foolishness of God.* Darton, Longman & Todd, £3.15

F. R. Barry. *Period of My Life.* Hodder and Stoughton, £2.25

Colin Brown. *Philosophy and the Christian Faith.* Tyndale Press, 60p

Raymond Chapman. *Faith and Revolt.* Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £3.50

John B. Chethimattam. *Patterns of Indian Thought.* Geoffrey Chapman, £2.00

Joseph Chiari. *The Aesthetics of Modernism.* Vision Press, £3.00

John E. Coleman. *The Quiet Mind.* Rider & Co., £1.25

Ilham Dilman & D. Z. Phillips. *Sense and Delusion.* Routledge & Kegan Paul, £1.50

C. H. Dodd. *The Founder of Christianity.* Collins, £1.75

J. N. Findlay. *Axiological Ethics.* Macmillan, 50p

David J. Furley & R. E. Allen (eds.). *Studies in Presocratic Philosophy: Vol. 1, The Beginnings of Philosophy.* Routledge & Kegan Paul, £4.00

Monica Furlong. *Travelling In.* Hodder and Stoughton, £1.25

Francine du Plessix Gray. *Divine Disobedience.* Hamish Hamilton, £3.00

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Giles B. Gunn (ed.). *Literature and Religion.* SCM Press, £1.50

W. D. Hudson. *Reason and Right.* Macmillan, £4.50

John H. Jacques. *The Mushroom and the Bride.* The Citadel Press, £1.50

J. Krishnamurti. *The Urgency of Change.* Victor Gollancz, £1.20

Stephan Körner. *Categorial Frameworks.* Basil Blackwell, £1.25

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AUTHORS

Dr Tamie Watters is an American scholar, now living permanently in England. She took her degrees at St. Anne's College, Oxford (her D.Phil thesis was on Rhoda Broughton), and subsequently taught English at Yale for five years. She is currently at the University of Reading as Director of a programme for American students from Randolph Macon Womans College, Virginia. . . .

Giorgio de Chirico's "Memoirs" (translated by Margaret Crosland) will shortly be published by Peter Owen. . . .

Edward Greenwood was born in 1933 and received a degree in English Literature at Oxford in 1954, and a B.Litt. in 1956. He has published articles in *Twentieth Century, Essays in Criticism, Landfall, Neophilologus,* and *Critical Quarterly.* He is currently teaching literature at the University of Kent. He writes: " . . . while I am fully responsible for all the views expressed I should like to acknowledge the invaluable stimulus of discussions of the problems with Frank Cioffi. . . ."

Harold Schimmel writes: "Fifteen years after the publication of his first book of poems, **Yehuda Amichai** is perhaps the most widely read Hebrew poet since the wildfire vogue of Bailik in the '20s and '30s. The easy availability of his subjects and the abundance of his output have not obscured the strong line of his development. Avant-gardist in Israel, his poetry at readings in London, Spoleto, Buenos Aires, Washington and Berkeley has made him the contemporary of Ted Hughes and Berryman, Borges and Seferis. As 'hebrew' as Seferis is 'greek', the presence of Jerusalem in his sensibility is all-pervasive. . . ."

Paul Theroux (aged 29) was born in America, graduated from college in 1963, and taught in Nyasaland and at Makerere University as Lecturer in Mass Media. He is now Lecturer in the Department of English at Singapore. His fifth novel, *Jungle Lovers,* will be published by Bodley Head later this year. . . .

William Gerhardie, whose work has greatly influenced younger writers, was born in St. Petersburg in 1895. Among his novels are *Futility* (1922), *The Polyglots* (1925), *Resurrection* (1934), and *Of Mortal Love* (1936). A collected edition of his novels is being re-issued by Macdonalds, each with an introduction by Michael Holroyd. . . .

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LETTERS

The Solzhenitsyn Debate

R'S TAKE-OVER BID for Solzhenitsyn [ENCOUNTER, January] is not very convincing, either in the light of the collection of documents edited by Leo Labedz (Allen Lane The Penguin Press) which he was discussing, or in the light of Solzhenitsyn's own creative works, which contain "the values which he has asserted so magnificently" that *R* claims to share. The Labedz collection is the record of a struggle against the system of cultural restrictions, and for creative freedom, in which Solzhenitsyn has had the support of the whole liberal intelligentsia. What he has been consistently fighting for is the publication of his works *inside*, not outside, the Soviet Union, and for open discussion of every question: "OPENNESS, honest and complete OPENNESS—that is the first condition of health in all societies, including our own." No doubt this conflicts with the religious nature of the Communist Party's claim to have a monopoly of truth and to censor heresy, but it doesn't make Solzhenitsyn and his liberal supporters pro-Western or pro-capitalist. Much of the Labedz collection consists of arguments over the content and meaning of Solzhenitsyn's various works, in which the die-hard Stalinist reactionaries opposed to liberalisation accuse Solzhenitsyn of being precisely that; in their phraseology, this comes out as a "tool of the imperialists" and "a slanderer of the Soviet Union". But in these controversies, such as the one over the story *Dlya polzy dela* (For the Good of the Cause), it is the liberals who consistently have the better of the argument, even though it is the reactionaries who still have the power.

Another story, *Matrenin dvor* (Matryona's Home), is undoubtedly a key one for the interpretation of Solzhenitsyn's work, and much argument has centred on it. Labedz, whose book is of course only a selection, does not reproduce this particular controversy; but he does end his introduction by quoting the closing lines of the story, in which the narrator reflects on the character of the simple peasant woman Matryona after her death, and Labedz applies this summing-up of her character to that of Solzhenitsyn himself. This much-quoted passage certainly does, as Arkady Gaev has said, "resound with condemnation of the tenor of life and the society of today," but it applies as much or even more to Western as to Soviet society. Matryona's unselfish generosity and love for her neighbours are the very opposite of the selfishness, greedy materialism, and lust for possessions of modern capitalist societies.

SOLZHENITSYN'S VALUES are, in fact, deeply Russian ones, which can be traced back to his acknowledged master Tolstoy, and to Russian religious philosophers such as Nikolai Fedorov, who condemned property and the lust to possess it as one of the main causes of the human isolation and absence of brotherly relations which divide modern men. Solzhenitsyn is intensely Russian, his affinities being with Slavophiles rather than Westerners, his patriotism and deep feeling for Russian history being especially well shown by the story *Zakhar-Kalita*.

The longer novels, in each of which he takes a single dominant situation which he can present as a microcosm of society, certainly do add up in their carefully detailed description of Soviet reality to an indictment of Stalinism. But they are much more than that, and in characters such as the stoical Kostoglotov, Nerzhin with his philosophy of the redemptive force of suffering, or the old Bolshevik Shulubin with his doctrine of ethical socialism, all clearly to some extent self-portraits of the author himself, he presents a distinctive philosophy of his own. I can't see any similarity between Solzhenitsyn's vision of truth and *R*'s political prejudices, but if *R* wishes to argue that there is it is not sufficient for him merely to assert it. He would need to argue it out with the sort of detailed analysis which Georg Lukács has used in his argument that these same novels support his Marxist literary theories. A detailed analysis of the politics of *The First Circle* has in fact been made by Robin Blackburn in the September/October 1970 number of *New Left Review*, from of course a very different political standpoint from that of *R*.

THERE IS A GOOD DEAL in the novels to support Kyril Fitzlyon's suggestion that Solzhenitsyn sees communism as a Western importation which has imposed a thin film of falsehood on Russia, but this again leads to a Slavophile conclusion, that the West is in thrall to an over-rational logic which distorts the deep truths of the heart. I have discussed in *Books and Bookmen* (January) my own belief that Solzhenitsyn's vision is religious, in a Tolstoyan rather than an ecclesiastical sense, so that the most important symbolic function of the cancer (which is of course also real) in *Rakovy korpus*, is that it rouses its victims from the unthinking stupor in which most men live, and faces them with Tolstoy's central question of the meaning of life.

But if Solzhenitsyn's attitudes and values are nothing like those of ENCOUNTER, it is the aim of the *KGB* and the reactionaries to show that they are, and these are the people *R* chooses to agree with. As Labedz discusses on pp. 119-120 of his book, the *KGB* has stolen Solzhenitsyn's manuscripts and smuggled them to the West, as part of an attempt to discredit him:

> "In this difficult situation Solzhenitsyn had little chance to defend himself against people who not only disregarded his publicly-announced desires, but some of whom might, wittingly or unwittingly, have been party to the *KGB*'s efforts to prepare the ground for eventual action against Solzhenitsyn."

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This is exactly what *The Times Literary Supplement* has been complaining about, and it is breathtaking to find *R* in the very act of doing the *KGB*'s dirty work for it, accusing the *TLS* of grovelling before that organisation. One of the chief complaints against the liberal intelligentsia made by the die-hard reactionaries has always been that they give aid to Russia's enemies by depicting Stalinism and other aspects of the dark side of Soviet life. It is, on the contrary, their own efforts to suppress the truth which continually fill the Western press with news of their harassment of writers. As Aleksandr Tvardovsky once wrote in *Novy Mir:*

> "Everything that is talented and truthful in art is beneficial to us. And conversely, any falsity, any lie, any stupidity, is harmful to us and can most surely be used by our enemies against us."

Tvardovsky is absolutely right. And the attempt to use Solzhenitsyn, the most truthful of writers, as a vehicle for *R*'s anti-Russian propaganda, simply distorts him and his work beyond all recognition. Solzhenitsyn's reply to the reactionaries who had engineered his expulsion from the Writers' Union applies equally to *R:* "You could not live without 'enemies'; hatred, a hatred no better than racial hatred, has become your sterile atmosphere. But in this way a sense of our single, common humanity is lost and its doom is accelerated"

KONSTANTIN BAZAROV

London

A Comment

IT MAY SEEM ungenerous to dismiss Mr Konstantin Bazarov's letter (which the Editors were kind enough to send to me) as an exercise in confusion, considering that he quotes so frequently from my *Solzhenitsyn: A Documentary Record.* But his arguments seem to me either irrelevant or misleading.

Mr Bazarov wastes a lot of time trying to interpret Solzhenitsyn's views on various topics and to find a pigeon-hole for him in the Russian intellectual tradition. But to say that Solzhenitsyn has affinities with Tolstoy or with the 19th-century Slavophiles has really nothing to do with *R*'s *Column* on Solzhenitsyn [January] which he criticises. Whether Solzhenitsyn can be "related" to Nikolai Fedorov, or to Vladimir Solovyov, or to whomever, is entirely irrelevant to the one issue *R* was dealing with: Solzhenitsyn's right to be "free to express his vision of the truth" (whatever that vision might be).

R did not discuss in his *Column* Solzhenitsyn's social philosophy; he was not concerned with Solzhenitsyn's attitudes to property, "greedy materialism" or "ethical socialism"; nor did he express his own opinions on these subjects. As they were neither discussed by *R* nor his own views of them made explicit, it is impossible to infer from his *Column* whether he agrees or disagrees with Solzhenitsyn's own views of them. It is also false to assume that Solzhenitsyn's own opinions can be so easily identified (as Mr Bazarov implies) with the views of some of the characters in his novels, or with those of Fedorov or Solovyov. Unlike the Populists he does not believe in the mythical redeeming potential of an entity called The People and, if anything, he is rather sceptical about all doctrinaire theories. Mr Bazarov says that the final paragraph of *Matryona's Home* "applies even more to the West." But this is only his opinion, not Solzhenitsyn's, whose story is about the Soviet Union. In any case it is a red herring to introduce these issues into the discussion as *R* was only concerned with the issue of intellectual freedom which, contrary to Mr Bazarov's assertions, is clearly the central value which he shares with Solzhenitsyn. (Another value is their concern for artistic truth.)

IN VIEW OF ALL THIS it is astounding to see him accused by Mr Bazarov of "doing the *KGB*'s dirty work." What an irony!—for the *KGB*, support for Solzhenitsyn's fight for intellectual freedom represents "anti-Soviet propaganda"; for Mr Bazarov (who seems to combine New Leftism with reactionary Slavophile sympathies) it becomes "anti-Russian propaganda." For the *TLS* it is, of course, a "Cold War" activity for which we all should be properly penitent, and unless we apologise to the Soviet authorities we cannot expect them to treat Solzhenitsyn differently. This was really the crux of the matter in *R*'s strictures against the *TLS*, and no amount of sidetracking will deflect a moderately intelligent and fair observer from this central issue.

The discussion which followed the original comment of the *TLS* on Solzhenitsyn's Nobel award did nothing to diminish its unsavoury character. Instead of acknowledging its monumental *faux pas*, the *TLS* used every polemical trick, sophistry, and evasion to justify its stand on the matter. To the principle that a writer should be able to express his vision of truth without interference from the state, it added a "codicil" stating that the principle should not be exploited "by the overzealous opponents of a state which is interfering with him." This kind of "codicil" could only gladden the hearts of Solzhenitsyn's persecutors; it would have also undoubtedly pleased the persecutors of Carl von Ossietzky when he received his Nobel award.

More recently, the *TLS* (26 Feb. 1971) tried to bolster its position by identifying Soviet literary Zhdanovates with their unidentified Western critics, and it exclaimed: "Why is it that wherever Soviet literature and art are concerned so many influential words are spoken by people whose primary interest does not lie in that field?" Was there anything wrong in the fact that many people who protested against the Nazi *auto-da-fé* were not necessarily primarily interested in German literature? The "influential words" on the case of Solzhenitsyn were also spoken by very many people professionally interested in Russian literature (or like the *TLS* in literature *tout court*); they ranged from the "Soviet experts" like Robert Conquest,

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Martin Dewhirst, and Max Hayward to Graham Greene, Aragon, and Lukacs. Could it really be maintained that all of them (and a legion of leading writers from Britain, USA, France, Germany and Italy) were drawing "*unnatural attention*" (the *TLS*'s words) to Solzhenitsyn?

IT IS OBVIOUS that the *TLS* has taken a wrong stand on Solzhenitsyn. Why, then, should Mr Bazarov who has such an admiration for his work, character, and struggle, rally to its defence in a controversy triggered off by the *TLS* casting doubt both on Solzhenitsyn's integrity and on the decision to award him the Nobel Prize? Mr Bazarov's criticisms of *R* seem to me less than fair. In his letter to the *TLS* (29 Jan. 1971) he wrote that Solzhenitsyn has been described by his Soviet critics as "hostile to the whole life of the Soviet people" and he claimed that "essentially" this is a "view with which *R* was agreeing." This is not the case. It is the trick of identifying the whole life of the people with the established régime which makes possible the denunciation by Soviet *bien pensants* of everybody who criticises Soviet conditions as antipatriotic. *R* did not refer in his Column to the "whole life of the Soviet people", but to "established régime" and to "Soviet conditions"; only totalitarians identify their régime with the whole life of the people. Nor did *R* present Solzhenitsyn as "pro-capitalist" (whatever that term may mean to Mr Bazarov); he was not dealing with the "lust for possessions of modern capitalist society" (which is not a subject of Solzhenitsyn's writings); nor did he say that what is good for General Motors is good for Solzhenitsyn. On the contrary he wrote that:

> "any society would find it difficult to accommodate a writer like Solzhenitsyn whose outstanding characteristic is his passion to set down the truth as he sees it, without distortion or falsification."

Mr Bazarov quotes my comment about the *KGB*'s efforts to smuggle to the West Solzhenitsyn's stolen manuscripts, as part of an attempt to discredit him:

> "In this difficult situation Solzhenitsyn had little chance to defend himself against people who not only disregarded his publicly announced desires, but some of whom might, wittingly or unwittingly, have been party to the *KGB*'s efforts to prepare the ground for eventual action against Solzhenitsyn".

Mr Bazarov says that "this is exactly what *The Times Literary Supplement* has been complaining about." With due respect to Mr Bazarov and the *TLS*, it is not. I was not trying in this remark to criticise all the Western publishers of Solzhenitsyn, much less to imply that his writings suppressed in the East should not be published in the West either. This is a conclusion which would have deprived us of *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward*, would not have helped (or pleased) the author, and would have almost certainly precluded Solzhenitsyn from receiving the Nobel Prize (which he accepted). What Solzhenitsyn was protesting about was the false attribution of "authorisation" for publication to him, unscrupulous commercial exploitation of his works, and the frequent bad translations. Only such publishers who violated these injunctions, and particularly those who used the *KGB*-sponsored manuscripts and who were ready to claim legal "authorisation" by Solzhenitsyn (which he denied giving), are to be reproached. Other publishers who put aside authors' royalties and published well-translated works by Solzhenitsyn have, in my view, nothing to be ashamed of: they are not the ones who "play the *KGB* game." The *KGB* strategy is not advanced by Solzhenitsyn's growing fame in the West, but rather by the less-than-conscientious merchants ready to provide it with a spurious legal stick which could be used in an eventual action against Solzhenitsyn.

The *TLS* did not make any distinction between those Western publishers who cooperated with the *KGB* and those who did not. It first wrote that "we must find ways to apologize" to Soviet authorities for the treatment of the Solzhenitsyn case in the Western press, only to say later (27 Nov. 1970), in another outburst of its curious humility, that "we have connived at the indefensible harassment of the novelist" because some Western publishers bought the *KGB* manuscripts. This kind of indiscriminate masochistic self-denial can only contribute to a public muddle on the subject.

Mr Bazarov, who protested in the *TLS* (19 Feb. 1971) that he does not hold the views for which he has been criticised in its correspondence columns, also contributes his share to this muddle. The logical implication of the arguments used in his letters to the *TLS* and ENCOUNTER is precisely what he denied having advocated: an extension of Soviet censorship abroad in the name of Russian patriotism. It would not only prevent Soviet authors' works seeing the light of day, but it would also diminish the hope of their works eventually reaching the Russian reader. This is hardly in the interest of Solzhenitsyn and his fellow-writers struggling with Soviet censorship. Mr Bazarov remarks that what Solzhenitsyn "has been consistently fighting for is the publication of his works *inside*, not outside the Soviet Union." This is indeed the case. Fortunately there is no need to "fight" for this right in Western society. But if we accept the logic of Mr Bazarov's (and the *TLS*'s) ideas, such a need would soon arise. It is ironic that Mr Bazarov should quote in this context Solzhenitsyn's demand for freedom of expression: "Openness, honest and complete openness—that is the first condition of health in all societies, including our own." It is precisely in the light of this remark that one can appreciate how outrageous is the idea implied by Mr Bazarov and the *TLS* that Solzhenitsyn's artistic freedom in the USSR can be enhanced by refraining from publishing him in the West and by muzzling, through absurd efforts at self-censorship, our debate on his case.

LEOPOLD LABEDZ

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